The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXIII. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1890. NO. 35

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

Democratic Nominations.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON.

For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCY F. BLACK.

For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM H. BARCLAY.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Congress,
COL. J. L. SPANGLER,
[*Subject to the decision of the District Conference.*]

For Senate,
HON. P. GRAY MEEK,
[*Subject to the decision of the District Conference.*]

For Sheriff,
WILLIAM A. ISHLER.

For Treasurer,
JAMES J. GRAMLEY.

For Assembly,
HON. J. H. HOLT,
JOHN T. McCORMICK.

For Register,
JOHN RUPP.

For Recorder,
W. GALER MORRISON.

For Commissioners,
T. FRANK ADAMS,
G. L. GOODHART.

For Auditors,
J. B. MITCHELL,
SAMUEL KLINE.

The fellow in the Bellefonte jail for shooting Watterhouse, must be a disciple of Quay—he keeps his mouth shut, after committing a great crime.

Well, farmers, who raised your valuations?

A Republican board of commissioners did it—and you don't want any more of 'em.

Taxpayers, who spent the county's surplus?

A Republican board of commissioners spent it—and you don't want any more of 'em.

Besancon, the French aeronaut, and Hermite, the astronomer proposes to make a balloon expedition to the North pole, starting from Spitzbergen. The REPORTER wishes Besancon success and trusts he will keep cool until he reaches the pole.

Arkansas held its election on Tuesday, and carry the news to the fellows on the Rush township Republican county ticket—the Democrats doubled their majority. The Democrats claim the state by from 25,000 to 30,000 majority.

Could Bellefonte's post master walk strait after Delamater left that town last Monday? or did he describe curves, corners and zigzags, as usual? He cheered for Patti-mater and when told he was mixed he righted himself and cheered for Dilatison.

Who scattered the surplus of our county, left in the treasury when Greist and Wolf went out of office? It was the present Republican officials who did the job—heelers, favorites, 365-days-in-the-year-commissioners, and gutter-snipe politicians got the boodle, in fraudulent bridge contracts and such like jobs.

The Independent Republican leaders have been in conference at Altoona, and have determined on a plan of organization and work which will be made public in due time. It is stated ex-Senators Lee and Emery and ex-Representative Mapes are active in the movement. Many other prominent names are mentioned.

Delamater was at Bellefonte, on Monday. His reception was as cold as ice, and he left our county in anything but a hopeful mood. Very, very few Republicans called to see him. He took a warm supper at the home of Gen. Hastings and that was the only warm thing he met with in Bellefonte, Delamater, at this hour, is an overwhelmingly licked man.

The honest people of this county for three years have been crying for a change in the sheriff's and commissioners' offices, and they mean to have it the coming fall. Good men of all parties see the necessity of a change, and they have their eyes on the Democratic ticket as being properly manned for the work of reform. Ishler as sheriff and Goodhart and Adams as commissioners will give the people hope for better things. It is time, too, for another three years of the Henderson-Cook gang and our county would be a byword all over the state.

The Gazette Again Proven A Slanderer.

The documents below, sworn to by Wm. Ishler, and Mr. Valentine, a life-long Republican, again prove the wretch, Fiedler, to be a liar, which he has been proven heretofore; he is as crooked in what he says as he is in his boozy walks.

BELLEFONTE, Aug. 27, 1890.

My attention was called to an article in the *Keystone Gazette*, of the 15th inst., and reiterated in the issue of the same paper Aug. 22, intimating that I had secured my nomination at the Democratic convention for the office of Sheriff, by an agreement or deal with others, whereby I was to pay nine hundred dollars. It may therefore be due to those of my friends with whom I am not personally acquainted and who are not familiar with the *extravagant* and *untruthful* utterances of that paper to say that there is not a word of truth in it, and to emphasize my denial of the charge I have appended my affidavit:

CENTRE COUNTY, S. S.:

Before me, a Notary Public, of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, personally appeared Wm. A. Ishler, who being by me first duly sworn according to law, doth depose and say: that he did not pay, agree to pay, nor had he made any arrangement or promise with any one person or combination of persons, for money or place, whereby his nomination was secured or his election is to be advanced, nor was he asked to do so by any one. WM. A. ISHLER.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 27th day of Aug., 1890.

E. M. Blanchard,
Notary Public.

Following this we give a letter from one of Bellefonte's old and most respected citizens, and still further an ardent and life-long republican, who denounces the infamous charge and further says that he will vote for Mr. Ishler next November. Read what Mr. Robert Valentine has to say:

BELLEFONTE, Sept. 2, 1890.

I have read the statement and affidavit of Mr. William A. Ishler, above. He has been farming for me for the past twenty-two years, and I have found him perfectly truthful, honest and reliable in all respects, and I would not believe that he could be induced to engage in any disreputable method to enhance his personal interests in business transactions, or for his political preferment; and if elected, I have the most implicit confidence in the honest, honorable and capable management of the trust committed to his care. I certainly do not believe the allegations of partisan newspapers, that Mr. Ishler procured his nomination by either the payment of money, or the promise of position, and I propose to vote for him, knowing that he is a man of rigid integrity and excellent character. ROBERT VALENTINE.

The Philadelphia Lincoln Club, a Republican organization, has issued its declaration, signed by a long list of names, to support Pattison.

CONGRESSMAN KENNEDY of Ohio, a Republican denounces Quay in the house of representatives as a self-convicted criminal; the Philadelphia *News*, one of the leading Republican papers of the Quaker City, denounces Quay as an embezzler and declares it will support Pattison for governor; the *Herald* of Canonsburg, Washington county, heretofore a Republican paper, places the Democratic ticket at the head of its editorial column and announces that it will support Pattison; at a meeting Wednesday at Bradford of the Republican committee of McKean county two members, J. C. Smith and Harold Day, announced publicly that they would not support Delamater. These are a few of this week's incidents showing how strongly the political tide is running in favor of the Democratic party and candidates. What can the other side show to offset them?

In the senate by the joint action of the Democratic senators and Western Republicans, binding twine was put on the free list. This is of importance to Western wheat growers. Then the Southern members asked to have cotton bagging, which is of like importance to cotton growers, also added to the free list. It was voted down, which was a display of narrowminded sectionlism by Western Republicans, who had just got binding twine on the free list. In five-minute speeches Carlisle Vance and others scored these bogus reformers.

Mrs James G. Blaine, Jr., had a rather heroic operation performed on her rheumatism on Wednesday. The surgeons broke her right arm, near elbow and next week they will break her right leg, at the knee, with the hope of also straightening that member.

——Penns valley Bargain Store, for Clothing, Boots and Shoes &c., &c. C. P. Long.

The candidacy of General Hastings for the position of Director General of the World's Fair at Chicago is authoritatively announced by his friends.

The National World's Fair Commission will meet in Chicago on September 15, when the office of Director General will be formally created, its powers defined, and its salary fixed. It is generally understood her that the position will be one of great consequence, and it will control quite as much influence and involve quite as many opportunities to make a national reputation for executive ability as did the position held by General Hawley in 1876. It is said that the salary of the Director General will be not less than $25,000 a year. The position will involve, however, such large expenditures that it is not likely that the appointment will be sought by General Hastings or any one else merely on account of the salary.

General Hastings has already secured the unanimous support of both the Pennsylvania and the Ohio delegations in Congress for the appointment, and he has also the support of many other influential persons. It is understood that both the Pennsylvania Senators have been acting in unison in forwarding the interests of General Hastings.

Should the Director General of the World's Fair be a Pennsylvania and such a Pennsylvania as General Hastings, his friends urge that the natural consequence will be of great benefit to the Keystone State.

The customs tax on coal is an absurdity, and injuriously affects important Pennsylvania interests, as it impelled the Canadians to impose a like tax, and thus destroyed a promising market in central Canada for our bituminous product. Galusha A. Grow stated the case exactly a short time ago he said:

If there was no duty on coal between Canada and the United States, I think the Nova Scotia region would supply Canadian territory east of Montreal and most of the states of Maine, and perhaps some in Boston; and Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana would supply all the territory west of Montreal to the Rocky mountains. We should supply ten miles of territory to their one.

Senator Sherman, like Secretary Blaine sees the signs of the times, and yesterday in the senate he proposed to take off the seventy-five cents a ton duty we levy on coal conditional that Canada will repeal its sixty cents duty. Here is free trade for you. When democrats proposed to do this same thing—and the Mills bill did not go that far—we were all blasted as "British free traders."

Bob. Kennedy, Repub., of Ohio, scared Quay in a speech, in the house, one day last week, in a manner that took the flesh from the bone, Bob. Kennedy is an Ohio leader and ex-lieut. governor.

Here are some of the gems of Buckeye oratory Kennedy let loose on the devoted head of the lone fisherman:

The Judus Iscariot of 2,000 years ago is to find a counterpart in the Judus Iscariot of to-day. The Judas who took the 30 pieces of silver and went and hanged himself has left an example for the Matt Quays that is well worthy of their imitation.

I do know in that face these charges [that is, of plundering the treasury of Pennsylvania] Matt Quay has remained silent and has neither sought nor attempted to seek opportunity to vindicate himself.

He has not done so, for this I denounce him.

The Republican party cannot afford to follow the lead of a branded criminal.

His (Quay's) silence under such circumstances is the confession of guilt. An honorable man does not long daily when his honor is assailed.

He (Quay) has delayed too long to justify the belief in his innocence, and he stands a convicted criminal before the bar of public opinion. Under such circumstances he should be driven from the head of a party whose very life his presence imperils.

The Republican party has done enough for its pretented leader. Let him be relegated to the rear.

It is no longer question of the vindication; it is now a question of the life of the party itself.

Speaking of candidate Delamater, the Philad. *Times* says:

Sunday, the seventh day of the month, will find the Senator at Bellefonte, in Centre county, as the guest of General Daniel H. Hasting, his principal competitor for the Governor's nomination at Harrisburg. On Monday the Senator and the General will visit a number of the Republicans of Centre county, and both will be called upon some time during the day to make speeches, it being the first for the adjutant general since the convention. It is presumed that General Hastings will, in his address define his position.

Wm. Ishler, as sheriff wont take any illegal fees. Ishler is an honest man.

Local Briefs

——90 Men's suits from $4,00 up. C. P Long.

——Judge Hoffa has purchased Smith's grain house at Coburn.

——The REPORTER for the campaign only 20 cents cash. Reader, can't you send us a few names?

——Most of our farmers are through with their seeding. Some prefer waiting until later and thus avoid the fly.

——Our old friend Ben. Kersteter, of Coburn, has been in feeble health for many months, and is not improving.

——A young woman from Altoona has been missing for some time and her description tallies with that of the body lately found at Reading.

——If the population of Centre Hall were taken about Wednesday or Thursday of next week, our town could show up enough for a city charter.

——Thousands of bushels of potatoes are reported as rotting in the fields through the southern townships of Schuylkill county.

——Sixty Dollars weekly for one order daily; something new for live workers. Chas. L. Webster & Co., Publishers, 3 East 14th St., New York.

——Centre county seems to be cursed says the Daily *News*, Rep. You are right, neighbor, and after Jan. 1, we will be rid of both Henderson and Cook.

——Lewins makes suits to order, parties can select their own goods from samples. Satisfaction guaranteed in all respects, and at prices 25 per cent lower than elsewhere.

——A car load of bananas will be brought to this place this week to be sold at from $1,50 to $2,00 a bunch. Wait and buy them at that price.

——Lewins is putting out new suits like hot cakes. Everybody wants them because they are so cheap and well made out of the best goods. He takes your measure and will make a suit to order if desired.

——The Lewisburg *News* says: "The people of Bellefonte are making a strong effort to have a third passenger run over the L. & T. daily, also to reduce the time of the first train west so that they will receive their mail at an earlier hour."

— Big stock of new suits, for spring at Lewins, head quarters for low prices and genuine goods—no shoddy or auction stock. The Philadelphia Branch always leads.

— J. B. Solt will have a car-load of bananas here next week, and sell them out by bunches. Dealers who wish to supply themselves, as well as such who wish to buy a bunch for home use, will find this a good opportunity to get bananas cheaper than ever.

——Have you been to A. C. Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block? Never miss going there when at Bellefonte, he always has something new and offers none but genuine goods which he warrants. For low prices in boots and shoes Mingle's is the place.

——The county commissioners of Indiana county have offered a reward of $1,200 for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties engaged in burning barns in that county. Not only barns alone have been destroyed by the vandals, but crops, farm machinery and valuable stock have been burned up. Horses have been mutilated at night while in their stalls and an explanation cannot be given by the inhabitants.

——Lewins is piling up spring clothing, all new stock, for men and boys. He has the largest and best assortment in Bellefonte and at prices that none can compete. Suits made to order, by one of best tailors in the state and perfect fits guaranteed.

——John M. Stover, of Mill Hall, Clinton county, died on Saturday evening September 6th, after a year illness. The funeral occurred on Tuesday. Mr. Stover was born in Haines township this county, August 11, 1822, and was married August 20, 1844. He moved to Mill Hall in 1846 and has resided there ever since.

——Mr J. P. Strehle left for New York and Phila. Tuesday evening, to make his selections of Fall and Winter Millinery, &c. He will return with a complete assortment of the latest and prettiest things in; Pattern Hats, Straw and Felt hats, birds, wings, feathers, &c. &c. A Milliner of artistic taste will be secured for the coming season.

——A young fellow from Union county accompained by his girl, approached one of the stands at the pic-nic on Saturday and called for a glass of lemonade. He took a swallow of it and handed it to the girl, who sipped at it and then set it down, saying she could not drink it where upon the young galiant asked the clerk if he wouldn't take the lemonade back and give him pea-nuts for it! The clerk refused and the young fellow walked away mumbling something about it being a "dang sight cleaner than some that was left in the tub."—Middleburg *Post*.

Personal.

—Mr. John Mersinger, of Tusseyville, called on Monday.

—Rob. and Ed. Wolf returned to Gettysburg College last week.

—Miss Grace Durst, of Potters Mills, is the guest of Jas. McClenahan's family.

—Miss Edith Meyer, of Rebersburg, visited a few days last week at D. J. Meyer's.

—Mrs. John Orbison and daughter, of Sidney, Ohio, are visiting Mrs. Elizabeth Love.

—Mr. Henry Wolf, of Mifflinburg, spent Monday with his brother, Wm. Wolf, at this place.

—Miss Sallie McClenahan returned home Saturday after spending several weeks in Milton.

—David Attic, general train master at Sunbury came up Monday to look over Grange Park.

—William J. Wagner, who has been spending his vacation with friends in Ill., returned home on Saturday.

—Ed. and Bruce Garman roade to Centre Hall on their bicycles Sunday and returned same evening.

—The summer vacation ended, T. M. Osman last week returned to Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, to pursue his studies.

—Messrs. Frank Lukenbach, Charles Cruse, Jerome Harper and Jas. Harris, all of Bellefonte, took supper at the hotel on Sunday and were out among the people.

—John Scholl, who has been employed in an electic light station at Altoona since last spring, is home on a visit to his parents east of town. John is of the stuff that is bown to succeed.

—Miss Marion Fischer returned to her home last evening after several months' visit in Berlin, Pa. She was accompanied by her aunt, Miss Ella Philson, of that place.

The Puddlers Still Out.

The heaters and nailers at the Bellefonte works, who, with the puddlers, have been on a strike, have gone back to work and will continue until all the iron is used. The puddlers are still out. The proprietors refuse to sign the scale.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Hearld* writes as follows:

There is serious alarm among the republican managers here over the outlook in Pennsylvania. Quay is now weakening on his claim that Delamater will be elected by 50,000 majority, and has called on his friends, Clarkson and Dudley to devise some means of salvation for him. One of Quay's greatest troubles is the lack of money. The manufacturers who were fried by him in 1888 do not like the way in which the tariff bill has been delayed, and are very slow in coming down with their subscriptions. Meanwhile alarming reports are heard from all over the states of republican disaffection and gathering of labor voters and independents around the Pattison standard. The defeat of Delamater, according to the gossip here, would not only be the end of Matt Quay; it would bring a new factor into the democratic presidential field.

Fred Dupree, a half-blood Sioux Indian, has two charming daughters that he wishes to marry to white men. He said when he found suitable young men of good business qualifications who would promise to treat them well he would give their hands in marriage, whether they (the girls) were willing or not and would present each couple the day they were wed with $10,000 worth of horses and cattle and 400 acres of land. Dupree's oldest daughter was married on the terms to Douglass Carlin, a "society leader" of Pierre, two years ago.

The north bound Louisville and Nashville express train from New Orleans was held up over the big Escambia river near Flomaton on Monday night. Just after the train left Flomaton two masked men got on the engine, covered the engineer and ordered him to hold up over the river. Then they forced him to go back and open the express and baggage cars. The robbers kept up a continual firing and terrified the train crew and passengers. They robbed the express car and got a considerable sum of money the exact amount not being known. The robbers are supposed to be Rube Burrows and his gang.

After going through the train the thieves made off through the woods. The sheriff of Escambia county, with a posse of men and a pack of bloodhounds is in hot pursuit.

A Kind Friend.

Is what they call that famous remedy: Red Flag Oil, it quickly cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sores and all pain. It is good for man or beast. No other medicine has won for itself such confidence as Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator. It is the best combination for the cure of all Kidney and Liver Complaints. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

There is excitement and deep indignation in the ranks of the British aristocracy. The dean of Christ church college, Oxford, has insinuated that it is going down to the lowest abyss of degradation and carrying with it the honor and greatness of England. This severe disciplinarian annoyed by the frequent cases of intoxication and immorality reported to him, "called up" some recently arrived Eton collegians, all of whom are sons of lords, baronets, ambassadors and representatives of wealth generally. Said he.

"Students of Christ Church—I wish I could also say young gentlemen—the time has come to call you to very serious account. It pains me to receive reports that you so behave yourselves within the precincts of this seat of learning—whence have arisen some of England's greatest and nobles men—as to be called a nuisance and disturbers of the common peace. Your brawls and indiscretions scandalize the residents, whose wives and daughters fear you as they would savage animals of the lower order.

"You consider that because you are the sons of nobility you are entitled to extravagant. You are laboring under a delusion from which you may have a very rude awakening. This college is not intended for well-born dunces such as you.

"You are not content with manly recreations such as your forefathers delighted to enjoy—the pleasures of the field, of the river, of home. You court fiercer and disreputable pleasures—drinking to excess in public places, to your quality, it is said; gambling in gilded parlors, to show how wealthy you are following after women, whose presence by the side of your mothers and sisters you would resent as contagious contract. Yet you do not hesitate to place yourselves on a level with them and lay a foundation for degradation which must follow you through life.

"What husbands and fathers of the future! It is such as you who have demoralized tutors and guardians who have toadied to wealth and position for personal benefit. You should be examples to the poor and struggling. You are, I repeat only a disgrace."

The Republican majority in Vermont has got down to 12,692. Last election it was 28,000. Never before, since the organization of the Republican party has its majority fallen so near zero.

Will sheriff Cook make a show of the man who killed Waterhouse? We know if Wm. Ishler gets into the sheriff's office, no circus will be made of murders.

The total population of the State of Vermont is announced as 332, 295, a decrease in ten years of 81. Yes, and her Republican majority is decreasing too.

Married.

GEHRET—WIAN.—On August 28, 1890, at the Lutheran parsonage on Spring street, by Rev Ed. E. Hosmour Mr. William F. Gehret, and Miss Maggie M. Wain both of Bellefonte.

——THE REPORTER for the campaign 20 cents cash, only.

— Our merchants request us to state that they will pay 22 cents for nice fresh butter, but in no case will packed orreworked butter be received at that price.

——The elegant new shoe store, of M Gillam, in the Crider Block, Bellefonte should be visited to see his stock and variety of boots and shoes for all age and sexes.

A Glorious Record.

Since the introduction of the Famous Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure in this vicinity, the death rate from Consumption has decreased wonderfully: it never fails to effect a cure. Price 25 cents. Try it. Trial size bottle free. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator has done more to relieve the suffering of mankind than all other medicines; it cures all Stomach and Liver troubles. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

The Only One.

Again it affords us much pleasure to be able to record the fact that the Pittsburg Exposition opened its doors promptly as advertised. The many things to be seen are worthy of much of our space, but we will dwell only one of its kind at the great show. Well may we say it is worthy of comment. We refer with pride to the display of Mr. Max Klein, the wholesale liquor merchant. There you will find a complete distillery in full operation. His Silver Age Rye stands on a pyramid high enough to overlook all other displays: the bbls, and cases show at once the extent of his trades, conveying the impression than he ships to all parts of the country. His Pennsylvania Rye Whiskies, his imported and domestic wines, brandies and cordials are prominent features. No other liquor house in the country would dare to compete with him in making a display and no other house in his line can or will sell goods as pure and at such reasonable prices. You can leave orders at his stand or apply to him direct for his complete catalogue and price list. Such a house should receive the custom of all who whish fair treatment and to Max Klien 82 Federal st., Allegheny, Pa., we can recommend you.

ESTRAY.—CAME TO THE PREMISES OF the undersigned about 3 weeks ago, 5 head of sheep—3 ewes and 1 buck. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove same. G. W. REAM.
sep 3t Farmers Mills.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A ..UMENTARY MEDITATION.

I sometimes list to my grandpa's clock
As I'm sitting sad and lone,
And it seems to me that its strange "tick tock"
Is a language of its own.
And my thoughts go backward year by year
In a pleasant retrospect.
It fills my mind with a gracious cheer—
Does the old clock's dial-ect.

Ah! when shall time wind up its work
And its spring refuse to flow.
While its hands which never a moment shirk
On an endless strike shall go.
But its old face shows not a shade of fear
From its patient toiling clique.
And 'twill still do business year by year
While its tock in trade is tick.

THE CHILIAN'S OATH.

The city of Valparaiso is one of the most important upon the Pacific coast. Take them altogether the people o Chili show the most enterprise and seem the best adapted for republican government of any in South America, yet the common people are of a dark, revengeful nature, and few foreigners find favor in their eyes. But with the dark-eyed maidens of Chili it is different, and Yankee sailors always like to run into "Valparaiser" for a cruise on shore, and a happy time they have generally.

Ned Wilton landed from the brig Vesper, which had sprung a topmast and stove in her quarter in a storm in the south Pacific. It was a two weeks' job to refit, and as Ned was a man to be trusted the "old man" gave him a free run on shore. Ned wasn't much of a man to drink, and most of his time was spent in rambling about on the beautiful mountain slopes, getting acquainted with the dark-eyed beauties of the city and country, and enjoying himself generally. One day while exploring the country ten miles to the north and east of the city, he was attracted by the sound of voices loud in dispute, and then came a woman's cry for help. Dashing through the bushes Ned came out in a little open space, where he saw a beautiful girl, whom he had met at a fandango in Valparaiso, struggling in the grasp of a dark-looking Chilian, who, if he was not a villain, ought to have had a quarrel with his face.

"See here, my man," said Ned, you'd better drop it, or you may chance to get yourself into trouble."

"That advice might be as well applied to yourself, senor," replied the man, with a dark, savage frown. "If you will take my advice, given in the most friendly spirit, you will take yourself off and attend to any business of your own which you may chance to have on hand. No man ever interfered with Manual Gogena who did not repent it."

"I'll have to leave it to the young lady," said Ned, quietly. "If she says that I'm in the way I'll walk, as you say, but not before."

"No, no!" cried the girl. "Do not leave me alone with this man."

"That's all right," said Ned. "You see that the senora claims my help, Manuel Godena, and I'll have to trouble you to get up and travel."

The man drew a knife and made a dash at him. Ned knocked it out of his hand and then and there gave him such a thrashing as he had never received in his life. Then, stripping him of his weapon, he kicked him industriously down the slope, for it "riled" him to have a man draw a knife.

The Chilian at last took to his heels, and when once out of reach of Ned's No. 8 boot turned and shook his hand at him in a menacing manner.

"Hear me, Americano," he hissed. "I vow to the saint not to take rest or sleep until I have revenge on you!"

Ned answered by a contemptuous laugh, and whirling on his heel went back to the lady, who was trembling with fear.

"Let me escort you safely from this place," he said. "You are hardly safe here."

"Thanks, senor. That man is my cousin, and this morning he undertook to escort me to the house of my uncle, who has a cattle ranch over yonder. But when we reached this place he seized me and swore that he would carry me to the haunt of the bandit Rosas and there keep me until I promised to marry him."

"He is a land pirate," said Ned, "and deserves keel-hauling if ever a man did."

"I do not understand that, senor," said the girl, with a merry smile. "But I shall be your debtor forever if you will go with me to my uncle's house."

"I am quite at your service," said Ned, gallantly; "but I don't know the way you wish to go."

"This way, senor."

She struck into a forest path, after a glance at the manly face of the Yankee sailor. That glance was enough, for it showed her that she was absolutely safe with him, no matter where she might choose to go. An hour's ride brought them to an opening, and on the slope of the tablado before them they saw a fine ranch surrounded by buildings and corals for cattle.

"This is the place, Senor Americano," she said. "Will you not come to the house and let my uncle thank you?"

"I don't want any thanks for an act which no man could have refused to perform; but I will go in. Will you give me your name? Mine is Edward Wilton, and I am second mate of the brig Vesper."

"And mine is Isola Mendez. I remember you, senor. I danced with you at the fandango in Valparaiso last week."

They entered the house and were met by Senor Mendez, the uncle of Isola. He heard her story and thanked the young American warmly for the part he had performed. But Ned stopped him.

"It annoys me to be thanked for so slight a service," said Ned. "Please do not say anything more about it."

"I will try and thank you in some other way, senor," said the ranchero, warmly. "Now you must make a stay with me, if your business will allow it, and I will try to make it pleasant for you."

"I have a week of liberty on shore," said Ned, "and then I must be off. I accept your invitation with pleasure senor."

Three or four days passed pleasantly, the ranchero doing his best to invent new pleasures for the young American. Isola was a pleasant companion, and Ned was very sorry when the time drew near for him to leave. The last day of his stay the two rode out among the foothills, and it was plain to see that they were very deeply in love. As they halted for a moment in a breezy canyon a dozen horsemen suddenly surrounded them. Ned made a gallant fight, and shot one of his assailants and mortally wounded another before he was overpowered. In the leader of these mountain bandits he recognized Manuel Godena.

"I told you that I would not rest until I had revenge, accursed Americano," he hissed. "Now Isola——"

But the girl, giving her horse the rein, broke suddenly through the ranks of the men who surrounded her, for they had not taken the trouble to secure her, and set off at a mad gallop, closely pursued by four of five of the banditti. But there was not a man in Chili who could ride with Isola Mendez, and as they passed out of sight all could see that she was gaining rapidly and was likely to escape. A cry of rage burst from the lips of Godena.

"Now 10,000 curses on the girl!" he cried. "I meant that she should witness my punishment of her Yankee lover; but at least we have him secure. Place him against the rock there, with his hands and feet bound. Make him fast so that he can not fall down."

The men obeyed, and Godena dismounted with a pistol in hand. Ned, held in his place by his bonds, looked him boldly in the face. Advancing a pace the miscreant aimed at him, changing his aim from time to time to distress the prisoner. But Ned did not give the slightest sign of fear. At last the pistol exploded and the ball tore through the fleshy part of his shoulder.

"One!" said Godena, producing another pistol. "I am going to hit you on the other side."

Again he fired and the other shoulder was torn by the ball.

"You black-hearted hound!" cried Ned, "if you think to wring a single cry from me you are mistaken. Go on, savage and complete your bloody work."

Godena, with the grin of a fiend, took two other pistols from the hands of one of the men. Again he fired, intending to pierce the arm of the young sailor, but this time he missed.

"Poor practice," said Ned. "Try again, my dear fellow."

The fourth pistol cracked, and Ned gave a start and a shiver, for his left arm had been pierced. Godena was very angry, for in spite of the torture, he had not been able to wring a groan from the gallant young man. Reloading his pistols carefully, he stepped close to his prisoner, and again and again touched him with the muzzle of the cocked pistols over the heart, upon the forehead, in every vital part, but he did not flinch.

"Why don't you end it, cowardly dog?" cried Ned.

"I will end it," replied Godena, stepping back a single pace. "Thus Manuel Godena avenges himself."

He raised the pistol in his right hand to a level with the heart of the prisoner, and was about to pull the trigger, when a rifle cracked on the mountain side above them and Manuel Godena, shot through the heart, fell upon his face, dead. At the same time a score of stockmen and rancheros chased down the canyon, and the bandits turned in flight, pursued by the herd riders, led by Senor Mendez. Then Ned fainted from loss of blood, and when he came back to life his bonds had been removed and he lay upon the green sod, his head pillowed upon the knee of Isola Mendez.

"Do not move," she said softly. "Yo te amo!" (I love you).

Ned Wilton recovered from his wounds, but not soon enough to sail in the Vesper. Indeed, he never left Chili, and is now a rich ranchero, and the name of his wife was once Isola Mendez.—Boston Globe.

A Question of Discipline.

A German was boasting in the presence of some Russians about the obedience and discipline of the German army, citing numerous instances from the war between France and Germany.

"Gentlemen," replied one of the Russians, "what you say about the discipline in the German army amounts to nothing at all when compared with what occurs continually in the Russian army. But I will merely recite one instance of what occurred at the beginning of the reign of the Czar Nicholas, when the discipline in the Russian army was comparatively lax. At that time, before the telegraph was discovered, the Russians used signal stations, which were a few miles apart. The soldier made the signal which was repeated by the soldier at the next station, and thus the news was conveyed thousands of miles.

"One day a soldier at a station near St. Petersburg did not see the signal in time, and, dreading the punishment that awaited him for negligence, deliberately hanged himself on the signal tower. The soldier at the next station mistook this for a signal, so he deliberately but promptly hanged himself, also. In consequence of the discipline which prevails in the Russian army, next day it was discovered that all the soldiers at the signal stations from St. Petersburg to Warsaw had hanged themselves on their signal towers. Of course, a much stricter discipline prevails at present, and——"

"That will do," replied the German, "I give it up."—Texas Siftings.

The walking craze is the latest agony among a set of young clubmen who live and have their being in athletics. A ten-mile spurt after dinner is considered a fair distance to start with, but ambitious pedestrians increase this from one to two miles nightly until twenty or twenty-five miles are covered. Flat shoes, with low, broad heels, are worn at the pastime.

Our views are incidental views.
We see things mainly thro gh prism.
The only microscopes we us.
Are vanity and egotism.

A MYSTIFIED EMPEROR

Fooled by the Tricks of a Very Clever Youth.

The Three Great Wonders—How a Conceited Chinese Monarch Was Hoodwinked by Three Simple Feats of Jugglery—He Couldn't Do It Now.

Many hundred years ago China was ruled by an Emperor who was looked upon during his reign as the most remarkable man of his time. But though Tai Tsung posssessed a more than ordinary mind he had been trained in the superstitious school of those days, and considered himself the greatest of all men, and descended from a line of emperors of divine origin.

So conceited did he finally become that he caused it to be announced throughout the empire that he would give an important office to the subject who could produce any invention or object that he could not explain. So great a reward naturally attracted the attention of bold adventurers all over the empire, and so many presented themselves that certain days were set apart for an examination of their claims.

But one day a youth, having the bearing of a person of rank, and with two attendants, presented himself at the palace gates and demanded an audience with the Emperor. After some little delay they were led before Tai Tsung, who, sat upon a throne in the court garden.

"I have three tests I wish to submit," said the youth. "Two had their origin in thy country, O, Tai Tsung, and the other comes from my people." Taking a package from one of his attendants he placed it upon the ground and displayed the contents to the Emperor. These were simply a coil of rope, an umbrella of native make and a small box.

"Your Imperial Majesty observes," said the stranger, "that we are three, surrounded by thy officers and unable to add to our numbers or to deplete them without thy wish. You look!" and seizing the rope the young man, who had thrown aside his outer garments and now appeared in a suit of gleaming silver, tossed it up into the air. The effort was a slight one, yet the rope rose as if propelled by great force, and when above the palace walls disappeared. A moment later down it came, and upon it the Emperor and his officers saw sliding down a human form, and before they could recover from their astonishment a young man had reached the ground and, saluting his Majesty, handed him a sqaure package wrapped in rice paper.

"Canst thou tell from whence came this messenger?" asked the youth.

"Perhaps he came over the palace wall," suggested one of the Emperor's advisers.

"Surround the wall with soldiers," said the youth, who overheard the remark, and these precautions being taken he took his cast-off garment and threw it over the new comer, who crouched upon the ground. Over this was placed the large umbrella. Then uttering an invocation the young man tore aside the robe—the new comer had disappeared.

"This is some trick of the imagination," said the emperor. "Did you all see it?" turning fiercely to his followers.

"Yes, your majesty," answered his chief adviser, "it is some trick—our eyes have deceived us."

"Did not the messenger leave a package?" replied the youth.

"True, he did," said the monarch, who now unfolded the package, finally holding up to view a small painting representing a pastoral scene. A range of snow-capped mountains were seen in the distance, skirting a valley covered with green grass, and in the foreground, in bold relief, stood a pure white cow.

"The picture is a gift to your majesty," said the youth, "and possesses this peculiarity: That while the cow is but the expression of the skill of the painter, it has certain of the instincts of the living animal. Your majesty observes that now, in the light of day, the cow is feeding; but take the picture into the darkest room in the palace, or examine it at night, and it will be found that the cow, thinking it night, has passed into an enclosure and is lying down."

"Watch this man," said the Emperor, "that he does not fly away with his messenger," and, with his chief adviser, he took the picture and retired to a darkened room. At the entrance he halted again to look at the painting and saw the cow standing upon the green. Crossing the threshold and drawing the curtains, the Emperor was amazed to see the picture stand out in startling distinctness when all else was invisible in the room; but the cow was now seen to be lying down behind a fence. "Can you explain it?" asked the Emperor of his attendant.

"It is magic," replied the the latter.

"I see you cannot explain it," retorted Tai Tsung, "and, until you can this prince shall have your place."

As they returned to the garden the cow was seen standing as before and, turning to the strange youth, the Emperor said: "You are my adviser, for I cannot explain your works, and now, for my consideration, exhibit the third test."

"As thy adviser I would suggest that the third test be made to thee alone. It is called the talking string and, by its use, one of thy subjects can hear thy words from afar."

"Leave us alone!" said the Emperor to his attendant, and when they had departed the youth unwound from an ivory stick a cord having upon each end a bamboo cup.

"Hold it to thy ear, sire," he said, "and for great distances it will carry my words to thee."

The Emperor was incredulous, yet he held the cup to his ear, and when the prince had reached the end of the court-yard and the cord had become stiff with the tension, he listened, and out of the bamboo cup came a soft voice saying: "O, mighty Emperor! I have no wish to be thy adviser, but thy friend. If I have shown thee that there are things yet new to thee in high life and other things yet to learn, my mission is ended. The talking string is thine."

Astonished, the Emperor replied to the tatting string and summoned the prince to his side, now eager to have so wise a man as his counselor. But the latter would not accept his favors, and after a week of feasting and merriment he departed for his own country in the unknown West.

To the Emperor the acts and gifts were nothing less than magical; but in reality they were simple affairs. The appearance of the young man apparently descending from the clouds is a bit of jugglery familiar in India even to-day. The picture was skilfully made by using phosphorescent paint, prepared by the natives of certain portions of the East nearly a thousand years ago. By using ordinary paint for the day picture and luminous paint for the one at night the illusion was created. In other words, the cow pictured lying down behind a fence was put on in luminous paste and was seen only at night—a simply arrangement, easily accomplished to-day. The "tatting string" was the telephone, which, like many of the supposed modern inventions, was known centuries ago and used as a toy by the people, appearing to many as having some mysterious significance.

Business Capacity.

A popcorn vender on one of the streets near the junction, in Kansas City, says the Times, is turning a pretty penny, while it seems that another engaged in the same trade is not doing so well. A daily patron of the successful merchant, after buying his sack of corn yesterday, asked:

"Why is it that you don't keep one stand? Yesterday you were nearly two blocks down the street, and the day before you were at some other place. Why don't you get one place and keep it, and you will have a regular custom?"

The Italian responded after persuasion.

"No regula customas. People a buy a when da tink of it. Passa one man and buya of anotha. Seea Mericana down street? He popa corn slow, cause nobody buy. Wind blows from him to me. Mana passa him comin' up street; smell popcorn and tink he lika buy. Mana, goin' down street and smell de corn before he reacha me. Stoppa ana buy. To-morrow maybe wind blow other way. Ia go below otha man. Him maka de appetite, I seila de corn. Him thinka staya one place people know him and he geta all trade. People know nobody but daselfa."

Modern Mummification.

The facts disclosed in the process of unrolling a mummy present in striking contrast the difference of the mode of embalming pursued by the ancient Egyptian and that carried out in modern times. Now the embalmer can conduct in minutes a preserving process which cost the Egyptians as many days, and if after his process is completed he should take pains to seal up the preserved body with all the skill possible to modern art, he might leave a human body so perfect in regard to natural form and color that after 3,000 years not a lineament need be wanting for its identification that would not have satisfied even a contemporary of the dead person. We are inclined now to experience regret that in Egyptian times the art was not advanced enough to leave the embalmed in such likeness of life. But whether it is worth the trouble in these days to revive the art, in the more perfect type of it, for the edification and satisfaction of the men and women of thirty centuries hence, is a wide question. Cremation is, at this moment, becoming the fashion, but possibly some persons would rather be so immortalized and preserved for scientific study, like William Gilbert's flies in amber, "shining in eternal sepulchres."—Lond on Lancet.

Game of Shadow Buff.

The game of shadow buff differs very materially from blind man's buff, but it is equally as amusing. A large piece of white linen should be fastened neatly up at one end of a roum, so that it hangs smoothly. Buff (not blinded) seats himself on a low stool, with his face to the linen, and a table, on which is a lighted candle, should be placed about four or five feet behind him, and the rest of lights extinguished. Buffy's playfellows next pass in succession between the candle and him, distorting their features in as grosque a manner as possible—hopping, limping and performing various odd antics, so as to make their shadow very unlike their usual looks. Buffy must then try and guess to whom the shadows belong, and if he guesses correctly, the player whose shadow he recognizes, takes his place. Buff is allowed only one guess for each person, and must not turn his head either to the right or left to see who passes.

American and German University.

The average age of the American college student at graduation, is certainly not greater than that of the German student in leaving his university. The American student is, however, not only a better educated man, in the best sense of the word, than the German student at a corresponding age, but the average American college graduate, who has not yet entered upon any professional study whatever, either in law, medicine, theology or science, but has spent three years at an academy of the grade of Andover, Exeter, or Easthampton, and four years at any of the leading colleges of New England, is, by any fair test to be instituted by a committee of British or European educational experts, a better educated man than the average German student who has completed both his gymnasium and his university studies.

A MELTING WORSE THAN PARTING.

Ah me! how sadder than to say farewell
It is to meet,
Dreading that Love has lost his spell
And changed his sweet!
I would we were again to part
With that full heart.
—*Mathew Field.*

EMINENT OLD BOOZERS.

Distinguished People Who In Their Day Transported Prodigious Jags.

Great men have their weaknesses the same as little men, says the Keokuk Gate City, and the number of the intellectual giants who have lacked the moral courage and stamina to control their appetites for strong drink forms one of the most astonishing portions of biographical history. Going way back we find Plato taking a matutinal cock-tail. Horace warming his system frequently by means of alcoholic stimulants, while Aristophanes, Euripides, Alcæus, and Socrates were all given to imbibing wine freely.

The austere old Cato was often the possessor of a jag that paled the best efforts of the habitual lushers. Tasso would violate the orders of his physicians to aggravate his mental irritability by potations, and Goethe used to make it a business to drink three bottles of wine daily. When Goethe attended the theater he was never guilty of annoying the audience by going out between the acts for a drink, but with commendable consideration had his glasses of punch served to him at his seat. Schiller, who did most of his work at night, wrote regularly under the influence of Rhenish, strong coffee, and champagne, with which he would lock himself up in the evening and stimulate his jaded brain through the hours of the night. Ben Jonson had a record for being constantly pickled, and this habit entitled him to stand among the first of his class.

The poet Savage used to get on some high old times, and would spend his week's salary in an evening's revelry. Churchill drank porter to excess, and Addison bounded his walk at Holland house by a bottle of port at each end, and sometimes lingered so long over the bottles that he was compelled to apologize for his illegible writing, made so by his shaky hand. Domestic unpleasantness and a cold temperament are Addison's excuses for his intemperance. Pitt drank wine to excess, but his head was so strong that neither his speeches nor public business often suffered from his indulgence. Fox was also given to "wetting his whistle" occasionally to drive dull care away. Blackstone wrote his "Commentaries" under the influence of successive bottles of that wine (port) which, Bently said, claret would be if it could.

Fielding, Steele, and Sterne also bowled up freely. Keats, stung by the ridicule of the envious, flew to dissipation for relief, and for six months he was hardly ever sober. Hayden, the painter, says of Keats: "To show you what a man of genius does when his passions are aroused, Keats once covered his throat and tongue with cayenne pepper as far as he could reach, in order to enjoy, as he said, the delicious coolness of the claret in all its 'glory.' The last time I saw him was at Hampstead lying on his back in a white bed, helpless, irritable and hectic. He muttered, as I stood by him, that he would cut his throat if he did not recover. Poor, dear Keats." Moral: Be good.

Our Kaleidoscope.

Talent and genius are considered as wonderful gifts to their possessors, but, after all, good common sense and hard work will accomplish more in the battle of life. The man of industry and common sense often gets nearly to the top of the ladder of success, while the man of talent and genius is still resting under the shade of a neighboring tree or guzzling beer in the nearest saloon. A man may have talent, but if he is lazy he is soon distanced in the race by competitors less speedy, but who have staying qualities that will land them winners every time. A man may be a genius, but if he is not well-balanced he is liable to bolt the track at a critical moment and lose where, had he stuck to his work, the victor's laurels had surely been his. Look about you a little says Texas Siftings: in all the walks of life you will see these truths exemplified. There is a man whom everybody admits is a genius, but he lacks ballast. Strong drink is his besetting sin. And so, dispute his brilliant intellect in a given direction, he is weak and foolish in another to an extent that proves his utter ruin in the end. Here is another who has talent, but lacks energy, and eventually he proves a failure, too. So, when you hear a man spoken of as genius, reserve your admiration, and envy, until you discover whether or not with his genius he has common sense and willingness—nay, a desire—to work, and work hard at that. If so, then stand afar off and worship him, for unless you are yourself up and doing with all the might there is in you the chances are you will never get within good speaking distance, anyhow.—Pritchard, in Arkansaw Traveler.

The Rod.

A rod of brass and wall-eyed pike,
When over sandy shoals they throng,
Adapted both to "cast" or "strike,"
Of split bamboo and lithe and long;
With pliant tip that wavers like
Some shivering aspen slim and strong.

And at the butt the clicking reel
With braided silken line is wound,
A miniature of fortune's wheel
When a good fish the lure has found,
And in your nervous grip you feel
Its shining circle whirl around.

A good plain roll by all that's fair
To whip the water like a throng,
In northern lakes all lonely where
The muskalonge and bass belong—
Supple and straight beyond compare,
And worthy of a better song.

About Watches.

"Watches," said a jeweler "are funny things. Do you know that there are times when a watch will not run regularly? I have had railway engineers say that locomotives are much the same way. When a watch has one of these irregular spells it is almost impossible to make them go. Many a watch is ruined, too, at times when carelessness is the prime cause. Some men will wind a watch to close, and then, if it refuses to run, shake it until everything is out of place. A large per cent of the repairing done is brought about by persons who do not know how to take care of a watch.—Times-Star.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Merit needs no title.

"I will," is a miracle worker.

Love is mutual understanding.

A man without faults has no friends.

Our heaviest burdens are those we borrow.

One may be educated and yet unlearned.

The authority of custom is the law of the imitator.

The man who won't bend will some day have to break.

Genius may be swift, but perseverence has the surest feet.

Illinois has more miles of railway than any other State.

The man who dyes his whiskers never fools but one person.

The invention of the anchor is ascribed to the Tuscans.

No woman can be a real suffragist unless she can tolerate a man.

Honesty is too simple to be included in the study of political economy.

A fact is as difficult to change as for a bigot to be conscious that he is one.

Somebody has invented an "illuminated cat," guaranteed to scare rats.

The purchasing power of money is confined to this earth.

The man who never looks ahead will always be behindhand.

Tombstones are more charitable than a good many living people.

The most expensive thing that can happen to you is to be wrong.

No rich man was ever happy unless he used his money to make others so.

It makes the best of us mad all over to be told the truth about ourselves.

The hog, eating corn, thinks he has a nice time, but the butcher knows better.

"Knowledge is power," but like a firecracker it sounds better the first time.

A reformer to be successful must always be prepared to take his own drugs.

It is interesting to hear two "sholars" convince each other that they are both wrong.

If a man is convinced he is right, he will be mistaken if he tries to convince another of it.

Relic hunters are already disfiguring the Hendricks monument at Indianapolis, Ind.

An undertaker has been arrested at Pittsburg for obstructing traffic with a funeral.

You can't make somebody else happy without getting in the same condition yourself.

If ethics were practiced before they were preached it would be difficult to find a preacher.

When the individual has determined his own right, he has a good idea of the rights of others.

There is no question but women are super or to men, but it sounds better for a man to say so.

The principal difficulty in teaching morality, is the neeessity of assuming a state of perfection.

If you want to find out how much clear dog there is in a man, find out how he treats his wife.

There are men you would growl that the wind was in the wrong direction if it was raining money.

The man who worships a golden calf can never know the delight of owning a cow that gives milk.

Happiness is the most contagious thing on earth, if you are only exposed to it in the right way.

More shoes are manafactured at Haverhill, Mass., than in any other city of the United States.

No reward can be greater than consciousness of performing a duty entirely free of expectation.

We never do anything well until we realize our own worth, and nothing extra good until we forget it.

If we could look deeper into the hearts of the people it wouldn't be near so hard to love some of them.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is the reply to calumny and defamation.

There is nothing that injures the force of faith so much as an assumed knowledge of what to expect.

A man in Providence, R. I., has a pet spider, which has spun its web in its owner's hat, where it lives.

Heavenly hope is like a star in the firmament, which shines the brighter as the shades of sorrow darken it.

"Nothing is more bitter than to suffer; nothing sweeter than to have suffered," said the old mystics with truth.

The India rubber tree grows wild in Lee county, Fla., and in Fort Myers it is used as a shade and ornamental tree.

The race of life is like two men trying to hide their modesty by each insisting the other to be better fitted to lead off.

The man who thinks he is a fool is far wiser than he who has never had experience enough to know what a real fool is.

A true friend is one who won't say "I told you so," every time you take a wrong step and feel sorry about it afterward.

The best thing with which to polish eyeglasses and spectacles with is a bit of newspaper. Moisten the glass and rub dry.

Wheat is harvested in every month of the year. In January the Australian crop is made, and in December that of Burmah.

Sincerity is only commendable when it is sincere enough to go to the root of things, and will gladly walk in all the light it can get.

A forty-year-old wagon is seen daily on the streets of Denison, Texas. It was made of bois d'arc, known in the North as osage orange.

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any others against whom it is directed.

THE SAND-MAN.

Ho! for the Sand-man! jolly old fellow,
With twinkling eyes and a gleesome smile;
He comes when the candle flickers yellow,
And he does his work in jauntiest style,
For he lightens his cumbersome bag of sand
With a light and a brisk and a generous hand.

Ho! for the Sand-man! merry old codger,
His aim is firm and his shot is crack,
And the sharpest wiles of the nimblest dodger
Can baffle him never, nor hold him back;
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, brown,
He powders them soft—and the lids drop down.

Ho! for the Sand-man! funny old rover,
He stops the playing and halts the fun;
He doesn't wait till the games are over,
He doesn't care whether romps are done,
His shaggy old head pokes in, and lo!
Mouths gape widely and feet lag slow.

Ho! for the Sand-man! blithesome old caller,
Mothers esteem him and nurses adore,
For he gathers the children, the big and the smaller,
And hurries them swiftly away before
They know it's been done, to the babbling streams
And the singing birds of the Land of Dreams.

—Emma A. Opper.

A STRANGE STORY.

Last summer, the schooner William Haley, of Galveston, trading among the West Indies, was becalmed near the Gulf Stream. The second day the captain's curiosity was aroused by a strange floating mass, and he ordered the mate to take a boat and examine it. The mate returned towing a log, from which the men had cut away the marine growth which had made it seem at a distance like a sea-monster. The captain ordered it to be hoisted to the deck, declaring that in forty years spent at sea he had never found anything like it.

When laid on the deck, it was seen to be about twenty feet long and two feet in diameter. It was of some very hard, dark-colored wood, like palm, charred in places, and worn and broken, cut and torn, as if it had been whirled through torrents and maelstroms for hundreds of years. The ends were pointed, and five bands of dark metal, like bronze, were sunk in the wood, and the whole bore evidence of having passed through intense heat. On closer examination, the log was seen to consist of two parts, and these bands were to bind it together. The captain had the bands cut, and in the exact centre, fitted into a cavity, was a round stone, eighteen inches in diameter. The rest of the wood was solid.

The captain, more disappointed at this result than he cared to confess, picked up the stone and was greatly astonished at its lightness. Examining it more closely, he remembered that when a boy on the old New Hampshire farm he used to find hollow stones with crystals in them—geodes, as he afterwards heard them called. This was probably a geode, placed in this strange receptacle for some unknown purpose. He carried it into his cabin and put it into his chest.

Two months later, the old captain returned to his cottage on Galveston Bay, and placed among his curiosities the geode he had so strangely found in the Gulf Stream. One day he studied it again, and the sunlight chanced to fall upon a narrow, irregular line.

"I declare," said the old man; "it looks like as if this stone had been patched together!"

He struck it with a hammer and it fell apart, and proved to be filled with small pieces of yellowish-brown wood. The shell of the stone was about an inch thick, studded over inside with thousands of garnet crystals. It had been broken into three parts and fastened together again with some sort of cement which showed plainly on the inside.

The old captain poured the pieces of wood on the table. They were perfectly dry and hard. They seemed almost like strips of bamboo, and were numbered and covered with writing, made by pricking marks with some sharp instrument like an awl. He found the first piece of wood and began to read, for it was in English. The work of deciphering the tiny dents on the bits of wood soon became the captain's chief occupation. He copied each sentence off in his old log-book as fast as it was made out. Five or six sentences were about all his eyes would stand without a rest, so that it was a long time before the narrative was all complete. This narrative runs as follows:

HEART OF THE ROCKIES, about Sept. 17, 1886.

I am an American, Timothy Parsons, of Machias, Maine. I have no living relatives. I write this in a vast vaulted chamber, hewn from the solid granite by some pre-historic race. I have been for months a wanderer in these subterranean spaces, and now I have contrived a way to send my message out to the world that I shall probably never see again. If some miner tunneling in the Rockies, comes upon a vaulted chamber, with heaps of ancient weapons of bronze, bars of gold and precious stones that no man may number, let him give Christian burial to the poor human bones that lie in this horrible treasure-house. He will find all that is left of my mortal frame near the great ever-burning lamp, under the dome of the central hall. That lamp is fed from some reservoir of natural gas. It was lighted when I came, months ago. For all I know otherwise, it has burned there for thousands of years.

The entrance to this sub-montane river is in the Assinnaboine Mountains, north of the United States line. I was a prospector there for several years, and I heard stories among the older Indians that a river greater than the Columbia had once flowed where the Rocky Mountains now are; that the Great Spirit had piled the mountains over it and buried it deep underground. At last a medicine-man, whose life I had once saved, told me that he knew how to get to the river, and he took me to a cave in a deep gorge. Here we lived for a week, exploring by means of pine torches, and at last found a passage which ran steadily downward. This, the Indian told me, was the path by which his ancestors, who once lived in the middle of the earth, had found their way to the light of day.

I think we were about three hundred feet below the entrance of the cave, when we began to hear the sound of roaring waters. The sound increased, until we stood by an underground river, of whose width and depth we could form no idea. The light of our torches did not even reveal the height of the roof overhead. My guide told me that this was the mother of all the rivers of the world. No other person except himself knew of its existence. It flowed from the end of the north to the extreme south. It grew ever warmer and warmer. There was a time when people lived along its channel, and there were houses and cities of the dead there, and many strange things. It was full of fish without eyes, and they were good to eat. If I would help him build a raft, he would float me down this river. The old stories said that one could go upon it for many miles. It ran down a hollow under the mountains.

We built and equipped our raft and launched it on the most foolhardy adventure, I do believe, that ever occupied the attention of men. We lit torches, and set them in sockets on the raft, and we were well armed. For two weeks we moved down the high archway, at a steady rate of only about three miles an hour. The average width of the stream was about five hundred feet, but at times it widened out to almost twice that. It swarmed with many kinds of fish, and they were very easy to secure. The rock walls and roof seemed to be of solid granite. We were below the later formations.

As nearly as I can calculate, we were about a thousand miles from where our voyage began, and nothing had yet happened to disturb its monotony, when we began to find traces of ancient work and workers. An angle in the wall was hewn into a titanic figure; at another point there seemed to be regular windows, and a dwelling was perched far up in the granite dome.

Suddenly we found that the river was flowing much faster, and we failed to check our raft. We went over a water-fall, perhaps seventy feet high, and were thrown on a shelf of rock at the side of the river below. I was unhurt, but my companion was so badly injured that he died in a few hours. I repaired the raft after a fashion, and continued the voyage, finding it impossible to contrive any way to scale the sides of the water-fall and attempt a return. All our torches were lost, and the attempt to proceed further seemed but the last act of despair. A few hours later, I saw a light gleam over the river in a very remarkable way, shining clear across, as if from the head-light of a locomotive high up on the wall. This aroused me somewhat from my stupor and misery. I sat up on the raft and steered it close to the edge of the river to see what wonderful thing had happened.

As I came nearer, I saw that an irregular hole was in the wall a thousand feet above the water, and the light shone out through it. It was a cheerful thing to look at, and I hung to the granite and shouted, but to no effect. Then I saw a broken place in the wall a little further down, and let the raft drift along to the base of a broad though much worn and broken flight of steps winding up the cliff. That brought me at last to the place of the light, a domed hall overlooking the river, hewn out of the rock, and having in its centre a metal baisin with a jet of natural gas. I have had to cut off a part of this metal basin since, but I have not harmed the inscriptions. There are many gas-jets, but in the other chambers I have had to light them.

I have lived here for months, and I have explored all the chambers of the place. There is no escape, so far as I can see. The river, twenty miles below, plunges down vaster descents, and the water gets so hot that I should be boiled alive if I tried the voyage. I have discovered a log of tropic wood like palm, and a geode in which I can send a message to the world of sunlight. Perhaps this will get through the fires and float to the surface somewhere. I am convinced that the river which brought me here flows on into the Gulf of Mexico, and that, sooner or later, my log will be picked up. Perhaps this river is really the source of the Gulf Stream. From a sort of a map, painted on one of the walls, I obtain the idea of many and thickly populated communities which used this place as the sepulchre of their chosen few.

Evidently that was before volcanic outbursts made the channel of the river like a caldron boiling over endless fires. All along the course are towns marked, groups of rock-hewn rooms on the cliffs, populated islands on the river, promontories from whose sides fountains of light seem to spring. Did thousands of people once live and find happiness in these vast vaults of death? Things must have been very different then from now. They must have had many reservoirs of natural gas. The animal life in the river must have been much more varied. Indeed, there are pictures in the Hall of War, as I have named it, that show two things plainly—that there were thousands of caverns, extending over hundreds of miles, and peopled by animals with which the heroes fought; and that the river was swarming with existence.

I have tried to put together all I can of their picture-writings and paintings, so as to understand what sort of men and women they were. I confess that I have learned to admire them greatly. They were a strong, brave, loving and beautiful people. I am sorry they are all gone. I never cared half so much about the dead Etruscans or Carthaginians. The earliest chapter in their history, so far as I discover, is a picture of a line of men and women descending into a cave, and a dragon pursuing them. This seems to point to a former residence on the face of the earth, and to some disaster—war, flood, pestilence or some fierce monster—which drove the survivors into the depths of the earth for shelter.

But all these thoughts are vain and foolish. I have explored the cliffs of the river and the walls of the mighty halls which shelter me. I have attempted to cut a tunnel upward past the water-fall, using the ancient weapons which lie in such numbers on the floor. The bronze wears out fast, but if I live long enough, something may be done. I will close my record and launch it down the river. Then I will try to cut my way out to the sunlight.

Here the story closed. Some day, perhaps, an old man, white-haired and pale as one from the lowest dungeon of a Bastile, will climb slowly out of some canon of the Rockies to tell the world more about his discovery of a lost race.—Charles Howard Shinn.

In Fort Worth.

"I've been in every city in the United States," said a well-known man recently, "and I've been in some pretty tough places; but I have yet to see a man shot or stabbed. After all," he continued, "there's a deal of rot talked about the danger one encounters in plains towns. However, I remember one funny thing apropos of killing. I was in Fort Worth, Tex., a number of years ago, waiting to meet a Mexican capitalist, got bored, hunted up a faro bank—it was upstairs over a saloon, I remember—and started in with very good luck, which stuck to me. I made three plays against the bank on as many evenings, and on the last occasion the man on the high chair, who happened to be the proprietor, came over at the end of a deal, and, tapping me on the shoulder, whispered:

"'Yer kin go on playin', stranger, but y'll hev ter wait till tomorrer fer money ef yer win. We're on the seco'n' bank roll, and we're eight hundred short uv you'uns chips, now.'

"I had broken the bank and $800 over. I quit playing, of course, and went out to find myself famous as 'the feller from the No'th what broke Jem's bank.' Every one did me honor, and the next evening a number of citizens took me to the theatre to occupy a box with them. During the pause between a bad song and a dance and an awful serio-comic ballad one gentleman commenced pointing out local celebrities:

"'See that long fellow yonder in a sombrero and calzeronzas,' and he pointed out a semi-Mexican with a villainous face and a long knife. 'Well, he's killed his man; and the other one with the shiny hat, three rows in front, has two graves for his record. Then over near the piano is Sleepy Bill, of Dallas; he's put out anyhow three lights, and his pardner, who just went out for a drink, has done full as well.' Thus far my 'lecturer on life' had spoken in an ordinary conversational tone, and without any apparent awe in tone or look. Suddenly his voice dropped to a low whisper and his eyes fairly bulged as he muttered:

"'Great snakes! Look over in that box opposite. See that sallow-complexioned man with the broadcloth frock and diamond ring? As I live that's Brownsville Charlie. He's croaked six and has it in for me. He's looking this way. Guess I'll say good evening.'

"I'll never forget the piano drop in the man's voice, and I'm likely to remember that I didn't wait for the salutation but skipped to my hotel, and thence, on the first train northward. Maybe I wasn't in any danger, but I couldn't tell how straight the fellow could shoot, nor how soon and how suddenly he might open the fusillade."

A Million Tons of Rails.

A leading steel rail manufacturer of Pittsburg gives some interesting data regarding the additional trackage decided upon by the Trunk lines of the country this year. He said: "There will be needed a million tons of steel rails. This quantity of material, delivered, will cost about $35,000,000. Add to that the cost of fish bars, frogs, switches, ties, grading and laying of material and the total amount which will be spent will not fall short of $100,000,000.

"The Pennsylvania company lines will need about thirty thousand tons. Other roads, including the Baltimore and Ohio, Lake Erie, and Pittsburg and Western will need fifty thousand or sixty thousand tons more. Add to that the amounts needed by other Eastern roads, the Vanderbilt system, Gould's lines, Southern and Western roads and you have the million tons.

"The Lake Shore between Buffalo and Chicago will use twenty thousand tons. Every road will this year increase its trackage facilities. The experiences of last year bid fair to be repeated this year in the way of the embargo upon the movement of freight which every shipper so well remembers, and every railroad manager is doing his utmost to obviate the trouble.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad is even working hard to have a third track between Pittsburg and Philadelphia. This track is now completed at all the principal stations, and there are a great many miles of siding which will be utilized when work is completed. There is now probably two hundred miles of this third track, and the remainder will be laid as quickly as possible."

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

HOW SHARP CLERKS BEGUILE INNOCENT PURCHASERS.

Neat Stratagems Which Are Usually Successful in their Result.

The shrewd business man leaves something to the intelligence of his customers. As long as a thing is not misrepresented let them find out defects for themselves. But the day of sanding the sugar and wetting down the tobacco is over. There is an inveiglement of another kind now. Chromo cards and gifts have had their day, but there is the quarter-off and the half-off sale.

Can any one outside of the business tell how the accomplished clerk holds up a piece of dress goods in that little pyramid on the counter where the light strikes it so as to bring out in bold relief all its best colors and make it look as if it were the labeliest fabric in the store? One clerk will say, with his head over on its side like a little bird:

"It looks like you, Miss — . It's a fact. I thought of you as soon as I saw it. I said to myself Miss — will want a dress of that piece."

Another will remark incidentally under the same circumstances: "Your friend Mrs. Col — bought a dress from that piece."

The customer hesitates—and is lost. In other words, she buys the goods, being helplessly enshimmered in the science of delusion by those clerks who know their business.

A lady went into a dry goods store and asked to see some goods displayed in the window.

"You don't want that style of goods said the clerk, who knew his customer; "you wouldn't wear it."

Then he took down dress after dress from his reserve stock and as he did so remarked casually:

"You wouldn't wear a window dress. This one has not been shown before.

Of course the customer was flattered into buying a dress, and the clerk was right. He knew that the goods removed from the illusion of plate glass would not please her. A clerk soon learns that a lady is never offended when her tastes are remembered and alluded to with graceful tact.

A customer sees a sale of half off advertised at a clothing store where a month ago he bought a suit for $30. He tells a friend who has admired his suit that he can get one just like it for $15, and hurries him off to the clothing store.

"Show this gentleman a suit like mine—the same thing."

"Certainly, sir! This way, sir. They are marked down now with the rest, $25, sir."

"But you are advertising all your goods at half price. What does that mean?"

"Oh not such goods as those sir. Impossible. Why, look at the quality. We are selling our regular stock at half price, but these—" and words fail him to do justice to the subject.

And very likely the man buys a suit which cost originally less than $15, and is perfectly satisfied in getting it $5 cheaper than his friend bought his, merely recognizing commercial acumen in the little trick of half off.

The best salesmen of to-day do not persist as much as their predecessors did. They make their goods speak for themselves.

It is a fact that the dry goods store is the principal attraction of the business street and a fertile spot in the desert of commerce. It has color, variety and an attraction that no other place can possibly have. The commonest piece of red and yellow stuff will look rich and elegant in those long graceful folds that have such precision of detail, yet look so careless and artistic in the total effect. The man who did that gauges his usefulness by those folds. It is related of the late A. T. Stewart, the millionaire merchant, that in passing through the side of his great store in which the goods were exposed for sale—that opposite to the Broadway side—he saw a piece of velvet stacked to catch his eye. He inquired who had arranged it in that way, sent for the man, who was a new hand, and told him it was wrong. The man answered Mr. Stewart that it was the proper way to display that class of goods. Mr. Stewart said no more, but he watched and saw the velvets managed in this way for some months. Then he sent for the man and promoted him to the velvet department of the wholesale store.

"I saw that you knew more about velvets than I did myself," was the only explanation he gave. The best clerk is the reader of human nature. He coerces one into buying and intimidates another. The merchants have a proverb that any salesman can sell a customer the goods she came to purchase, but he is a good salesman who sells her what she does not want. Every clerk has his particular friends who like to trade with him because he is obliging, or courteous, or entertaining. It is his trick of trade to be all these to his customers.

Good Year for Delaware Yards.

The year 1889 was undoubtedly the best the shipyards of the Delaware have enjoyed for a long time. All the indications point to equal prosperity for the present year, and the output for this year it is expected will be much more than that for 1889.

According to the Philadelphia Record, in an issue of last week, the shipbuilders of the Delaware River turned out from three yards last year no less than $10,000,000 worth of vessels, including war ships, passenger and freight steamships, sailing vessels, tugs, yachts, etc.

A Learned English Woman.

Amelia B. Edwards, the famous Englishwoman now lecturing in this country, divides with the Princess d'Istria, of Italy, the honor of being the most learned woman in the world. Her literary career began at four with a short but picturesque little story, and at seven she was in print with a poem entitled The Knights of Old, which her proud mother had sent to a local journal. At twelve she contributed a long historical novel of the time of Edward III. to the London Pioneer, a penny paper which did not long survive the contribution. Next she sent caricatures to Cruikshank, who wanted to train her for illustrated work, but another mental tangent took her to music, thence again to fiction, and finally as an old-world traveller she passed the masculine historical scholars, and as a pedestrian threatened the reputation of the Wandering Jew. At the age of twenty-one Miss Edwards literally went for the literary life.

Her first short-story check came from Chamber's Journal. Her first novel, My Brother's Wife, was published in 1855; then followed The Ladder of Life in 1857, Hand and Glove in 1858, Barbara's History in 1864, Half a Million of Money in 1865, Debenham's Vow in 1870, In the Days of My Youth in 1873, and Lord Brackenbury in 1880, eight novels in twenty-five years. Two volumes of short stories—Miss Carew in 1865, and Monsieur Maurice in 1873—help to fill the vacancies. Some of her earlier as well as later ventures in poetry were brought together in a volume of Ballads in 1865. Among her first efforts were a summary of English history in 1856, a summary of French history in 1858, and a translation of A Lady's Captivity among the Chinese Pirates, also in the last-named year.

The Story of Cervantes in 1863, and a volume of selections, A Poetry Book of Elder Poets, in 1879, count among her miscellaneous literary work. So early as 1862 she had written a volume of travel, Sights and Stories: a Holiday Tour through North Belgium. Her book on the Dolomites, Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys, appeared in 1873, and her Egyptian book, A Thousand Miles up the Nile, in 1876. Add to this long list articles innumerable to the London Times, the Academy, and other English periodicals and the record tells not only of great capacity but of almost unlimited endurance. Her best books are those of travel.

An enthusiastic Egyptologist, she was with Sir Erasmus Wilson in his preparation of Egypt of the Past, and is to-day perhaps the best informed of scholars as to the far-away history of this mysterious land. She is very friendly to Americans, especially to the Bostonese. Columbia College has made her a L. H. D., and Smith's Female College, Massachusetts, has added an LL. D. She is a member of all the learned English societies with honors innumerable. Miss Edwards is a Londoner by birth, English military father, and Irish literary mother, and on the authority of the family Bible is fifty-eight years of age. Her favorite recreation is walking, and, between her hundred lectures, she proposes to leave her distinguished foot-prints on many an American mile.

Hunting on Cape Cod.

How little we know of the resources and advantages of our own neighborhood! In speaking of the lovers of sport who go to the Rocky mountains and the wilderness of northern Canada in search of game, Capt. Perry Jones, who, though an enthusiastic New Yorker, has strong predictions for New England, said to a New York Star reporter: "One of the best territories for shooting deer is on that long and curious peninsula, Cape Cod. Although the district was settled far back in the 17th century, the population has remained stationary.

"The climate is too severe in winter for people of weak constitutions, and the soil is too sandy to ever reward the farmer to any liberal extent. While much of the land is improved, a large portion is wild and covered with forests of pine and scrub oak. There is a heavy, and, at places, a dense, underbrush. In some spots it is so thick as to almost defy a woodman. In these old woods the deer thrive almost as well to-day as they did two centuries ago. Last season over 120 were shot by the natives and summer visitors. The venison is delicious, and, owing to the salt air, the ocean winds, the inexhaustible supply of food and the freedom from wolves and dogs, has a different flavor from that which comes from the far West and North.

"The people there are very conservative and quaintly old-fashioned. In summer the climate is delightful, but during the rest of the year, as I intimated, it is not. There is an enormous supply of fish of every kind, but the meat and vegetables are not up to the New York mark. There is good shooting besides the deer there, including snipe, partridge, duck and woodcock. Unless overrun by pot hunters, the cape promises to remain for many years a lovely land for all whose fancy turns to the rod and gun."

Abject Worship of Royalty.

To show how abject is the worship of royalty in India, the following extracts from a poem, written in Bombay to welcome Prince Albert Victor of Wales, are pertinent: "A prince independent in dignity, high in beauty and grace, as lovely as the moon, the world boasts of the abilities of him descended from a royal line most exalted. Born of an heir-apparent at whose feet the highest heavens do reverence, to whom the world far and wide pays homage, the confronting enemy yields readily to his sword," etc. Evidently they have not heard of the West End scandals in Bombay.

Great Head, Mrs. Hen.

Frank W. Miner of Salem, a wild town ten miles west of Norwich, has a very canny old hen. The hen is in the habit, sanctioned by her owner, of roosting under a coop, one end of which is uptilted on the edge of a large tin plate, and a very big owl, also of Salem, has been in the habit of visiting Mr. Miner's homestead and stealing his chickens. The two habits impinged on each other one night this week, and the result was detrimental to the owl.

The big owl had come out of the woods and was strutting about Mr. Miner's front yard, when he espied the hen cosily dozing in her peaked cotsage. In the heavy shadow of the coop he could not estimate her age with any accuracy, and so he went into it to get her. The hen saw him coming, but she made not a sound until he had passed beneath the impending portcullis, and then she gave a wild cackle and darted out of the coop. She was smart enough in going out to take the tin plate with her, and the portcullis came down. The hen wheeled about and gazed at the situation.

Act II. was now on the boards and the positions of the actors had been shifted. The hen was no longer at home to nocturnal callers, but the owl appeared to be very much at home. The hen was out in the chill and humid night, and the owl was sequestrated under the arched roof, behind the bars of the coop. The hen was in ecstacy, the owl evidently was astounded and displeased. But he did not realize the extreme gravity of his situation until the vociferous cackling of the hen had alarmed her master, who strolled out of the house smoking.

The delighted and exultant fowl led him straight to the coop, and as Mr. Miner, having taken his pipe from his lips, squared himself before the cage, the mien and jaunty carriage of the old hen seemed to express the boastful jibe: "Well, old man, how does this affair strike you for a melodrama, entitled 'The Consummation of Cuteness; or, The Doleful Dole of the Unbidden Guest?'"

Mr. Miner took charge of the prisoner, set the coop again, and the old hen retired into it to doze and wait for another woods chap to come fooling around her. In recounting the incident Mr. Miner said that in all his wide experience with owls he had never before seen an owl whose eyes were so big with wonder and bedazzlement as were the eyes of the owl the old hen caught in the coop.

Preservation of the Eyesight.

The best preservative of eyesight is outdoor exercise. A cold bath every morning stimulates the circulation, and with an active bounding of the blood through the arteries assimilation and elimination bring about good results. Heated rooms with poor illumination are a prolific source of weak eyes.

Reading or writing with the light falling on the page and reflecting its rays into the eyes often brings about a spasm of the little muscles which govern the accommodation, and the result is to exhaust the eyes.

People who indulge in overfeeding, are careless about clothing, travel with damp feet, or dine irregularly, all suffer sooner or later from defective vision. See that the tear ducts are kept healthy by proper means and nature will then do her duty.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Swiss Labor Conference.

The Swiss Government has issued the programme which is to form the basis of the labors and inquiries of the labor conference. It includes the following points:

1. In what degree, if at all, should the State restrict Sunday work?
2. What is the minimum age below which the employment of children in factories should be prohibited?
3. What should be fixed as a maximum day's work for work men or women under full age?
4. Should the hours of compulsory attendance at school which are now required by law be counted as part of a day's work for juvenile workers?
5. Should the maximum length of a day's work for juveniles vary according to the ages; and during what hours should the working time be fixed?
6. What restrictions are necessary in the employment of women and children in unhealthy and dangerous occupation?
7. Should the State permit the employment of women and children in occupations carried on at night time?
8. How can the State best put into effect and enforce the labor regulations it makes?

Finally, the programme submits to the conference that proposition for periodical labor conferences, which will become an established institution if this conference approves the idea.

A Banquet on a Large Scale.

The directors of the De Beers Company in the Kimberly (South Africa) mines gave a Christmas picnic to their 3000 employees, at which were eaten 1200 fowls, 400 turkeys, 150 geese, 100 hams, 1000 pounds of spiced, roast and boiled beef, and 1800 pigeon, veal and ham and chicken and ham pies, washed down with 5000 bottles of English and German beer, 100 cases of champagne, 200 cases of claret and 100 cases of Burgundy, besides brandy and whiskey.

Bertie's Business Head.

Bertie—And do all angells have wings, Uncle Charles?

Uncle Charles—Yes, Bertie.

Bertie—Big angels and little angels alike?

Uncle Charles—I told you yes, Bertie.

Bertie—Say Uncle Charles, if you were me wouldn't you go into the wing business as soon as you got old enough?

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, SEPT 11.

CLINGING IVY QUICK.

How She Was Made Mrs. Wood Without a Minister's Aid.

A QUEER CASE IN A COUNTY COURT.

The Bride Is Middle Aged and the Groom in His Teens—Citizen Groff Ties the Knot—The Young Husband Denies the Ceremony and the Wife Sues for Desertion.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Sept. 9.—One of the most interesting cases ever tried in Chester county is now on in the court here. Judge Clayton, of Delaware county, is on the bench, as both Judge Waddell and Judge Hemphill are related to the defendant. It is the case of Ivy W. Quick against James Emile Wood. Miss Quick claims to be the wife of young Wood, and charges him with desertion. The case is of a sensational character and brings out many curious points.

Miss Quick is a plain, masculine appearing woman of 35, while young Wood, the defendant, is less than 20 years old, slender and intelligent looking. He will become the possessor of a large property when he reaches his majority.

The first witness heard was Ulysses G. Goff, who married a sister of Ivy's, and at whose house the marriage is alleged to have taken place. Interviewers have made vain attempts to get his story for several weeks past, and it was given to the public for the first time in court.

Groff Tells His Story.

He said: "On March 30, 1888, Ivy and Mr. James Emile Wood called at my house and there stated that they were going to Camden on some business for Ivy's father, Rev. Mr. Quick. The next day, March 31, they returned to my house. Emile and she both told me that they had been to Gloucester, N. J., to get married, but had been unable to have the ceremony performed; that the minister refused to marry them owing to Mr. Wood's not being of age.

"I had read a few days before of a case of a person marrying a couple when the person reading the ceremony was not a minister or a magistrate, and the court held it was not necessary that the person performing the ceremony should be a magistrate or minister. I found the article and he read it. Mr. Wood then urged me to perform the ceremony. I hesitated; I was still afraid it might not be proper, but finally consented. Ivy came into the room and what had occurred was narrated to her.

A Queer Marriage.

"She consented to the proposition that they be married then and there. My wife also came in and was made aware of the proposition. Mr. Wood then said he wished a marriage certificate. I said I did not know how to fill one up.

"He suggested that I get my own and copy that. My wife went upstairs and got it and I copied it, and my wife and I signed as witnesses. I read the Episcopal service, leaving out the unimportant parts. I asked them the usual questions, and they answered in the affirmative with clasped hands.

"When I asked for the ring he said Ivy had one he had bought at Wanamaker's, intending to use in the marriage ceremony, but as they had failed in their first effort he had given it to her as a birthday present. She produced the ring and they were married with it."

Witness was shown a marriage certificate and identified it as that which he had filled up for the parties. The witness then proceeded: "We next went to supper and Ivy and Emile remained over night. They were several times at my place afterwards. I had no doubt afterwards that they were married. They enjoined secresy upon me concerning the matter because Emile said he did not want his folks in Pittsburg to know of his marriage."

The Marriage Certificate.

The following is a copy of the marriage certificate as produced in court:

I, a citizen of Tredyffrin, hereby certify that on the thirty-first day of March, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, at Chester Valley, James Emile Wood and Ivy Ashton Quick were by me united in marriage. U. G. GROFF.

Witness—John G. Groff.

Signatures of parties appended—James E. Wood, Ivy A. Wood.

The name of Ivy A. Wood was first written Quick, and Wood was written over the top of this. The witness explained that after she had written it that way she said, "Ah, that is wrong," and then wrote Wood over the top of the first signature.

Walter P. Ash, of West Cain township, this county, stated on the stand that Ivy and Wood, while at his house, said they were married. They did not occupy the same room, as Miss Quick's parents were there at the same time, and he understood they wanted to keep the marriage a secret.

Stricken from the Church Roll.

MEDIA, Pa., Sept. 5.—Rev. W. W. Grimes, the preacher in charge of Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church, Media, was the defendant in a suit for slander and defamation of character heard before Squire Trainer in South Media. The charge was made by Mrs. Sydney Thomas, a late parishioner of the pastor's, whose name had been stricken from the church rolls by the minister. Mrs. Thomas was the only witness heard in support of the charge. 'Squire Trainer promptly dismissed the case against Pastor Grimes after hearing his side, and directed that Mrs. Thomas pay the costs of the suit.

Big Fire in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 6.—Fire last night in the building extending from No. 4 to 18 South Eighteenth streets, destroyed property valued at over $200,000. The principal losers are the Pyle-Knædler Baking company, $70,000; H. R. Mulford, manufacturing chemist, $40,000; John G. Seemiller, upholsterer, $50,000; Earl W. Eckel, printer, $3,000; E. I. & C. R. Simons, grain warehousemen, $5,000, and D. D. Fuller $60,000 on building. The losses are about one-half covered by insurance.

CONGRESSIONAL RESUME.

Labors of the National Legislators at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—In the absence of the speaker of the house Mr. Burrows was elected speaker pro tem. Mr. Kennedy, of Ohio, took advantage of the debate on the Clayton-Breckenridge case to arraign the senate for defeating the federal election bill, alluding in uncomplimentary terms to the silence of Senator Quay under charges affecting his honor.

Messrs. Edmunds, Evarts and Gray addressed the senate on the reciprocity amendment to the tariff bill.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—In the senate consideration of the tariff bill was continued under the five minute rule. The amendment of Mr. Davis to put binding twine on the free list was agreed to (34 to 24). The senate disposed of all the paragraphs in the dutiable list except sugar.

In the house, Mr. Cummings, rising to a personal explanation in connection with Mr. Cannon's famous "black list," made a long speech in criticism of the speaker and the rule. The Clayton-Breckinridge election case was debated further without action.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—The house voted to unseat Mr. Breckinridge, of Arkansas, by 148 to 81. A number of private pension bills were passed at last evening's session.

The senate voted to place binding twine and wild animals on the free list. Motions to take hides and quinine from the free list and to remove the duty on white pine lumber were defeated.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—The senate continued the tariff discussion. Mr. Evarts's amendment calculated to stop the importation of tea by the way of Canada was adopted.

The house passed a bill granting a pension of $100 a month to Gen. Henry A. Barnum and agreed to the conference report on the river and harbor bill.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—The house spent the day discussing the Atkinson bill relating to railroads in the District of Columbia. For want of a quorum no action was had.

The senate agreed to the conference report on the river and harbor bill. During the debate on the tariff bill Mr. Plumb expressed the belief that under it there would be a deficit of $150,000,000. The finance committee amendments to the sugar schedule were adopted.

DICKSON'S DARING DEED.

He Performs Startling Feats on a Tight Rope at Niagara.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Sept. 8.—S. J. Dickson, of Toronto, walked across Niagara gorge Saturday afternoon. Several thousand persons witnessed the feat. He made his appearance at the Canadian end of the cable clad in terra cotta tights with black trunk, wearing moccasins on his feet and a small black silk cap on his head. The balance pole he carried was twenty-two feet seven inches long and weighed thirty pounds.

As he picked it up to start out on his perilous journey he seemed very nervous, but quickly recovered himself, going down the slope with a firm step. When about 200 feet from shore he sat down, lay on his back and performed several other equally startling feats, reaching the American shore in twelve minutes. After resting about five minutes he again appeared and when about 200 feet from the American shore over the boiling rapids gave a tight rope exhibition that caused many people to turn their heads away. Going backward to the shore he crossed the Suspension bridge and gave a similar performance on the Canadian end of the cable. As this is the smallest cable ever used in crossing the Niagara gorge, the feat was perhaps the most daring ever seen at Niagara.

The Mt. Holly Fair.

MT. HOLLY, N. J., Sept. 9.—The Mt. Holly fair opened yesterday with a good attendance. Although this is by no means a fruit year, yet the display in this department is particularly fine. In the live stock department the biggest display is made. There are enough on exhibition to make a cattle show independent of the fair. The other departments are likewise full, and there is no waste room. In the big main building all the cases and wall room is occupied with handsome specimens of needlework, paintings in oil and water colors, china paintings, crazy quilts and the thousand and one things under the general head of "fine arts" that attract and delight the feminine eye. The race track is in first class condition and an attractive programme has been provided.

Preparing for an Execution.

SNOW HILL, Sept. 9.—Preparations for the execution of John Shelly Hudson here on Friday next have been commenced by Sheriff Lockerman. Twenty-five men have been summoned to act as guard. The sheriff began the erection of the scaffold yesterday. The execution will take place in the jail yard directly adjoining the court house, despite the protests of many residents of the town who desire to have the execution beyond the town limits. The last execution took place here fourteen years ago, and ex-Sheriff Fooks, who then officiated, has tendered to Sheriff Lockerman the rope used on that occasion. Hudson maintains that he is ready to die.

A Dastardly Assault.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Mayor Gleason, of Long Island City, committed an unprovoked and brutal assault upon George A. Crowley, the Long Island representative of the Associated Press last evening. Mr. Crowley stood talking with a number of prominent gentlemen in Miller's Long Island hotel when the mayor entered, and, seeing Crowley, exclaimed, "You are a loafer and thief." Mr. Crowley resented the accusation, whereupon Gleason struck him a savage blow in the face, knocking him down. The mayor in his fury kicked the prostrate Crowley several times in the face.

Senator Farwell Dangerously Ill.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—A dispatch from Waukeshaw, Wis., says that Senator Charles B. Farwell is lying dangerously ill at the Fountain House in that city and that his family and intimate friends, as well as the physicians in charge, almost despair of his ultimate recovery. Walter Farwell, a son of the senator, said that Mr. Farwell's illness is not regarded as serious. Over work and mental fatigue have rendered his health very uncertain.

The Burglar Goes a Burgling.

MAY'S LANDING, Sept. 9.—For the past three weeks a gang of burglars have been operating in this place and vicinity. Several houses have been broken into, but so far they have met with little success. Several small articles were stolen from the residence of Mrs. Asa Ford. Several men have shot at the thieves, but none have been hit.

John L. Sullivan's Father Dead.

BOSTON, Sept. 8.—Michael Sullivan, father of John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, died here yesterday of typhoid pneumonia. He was born in Ireland 65 years ago and came to Boston in 1850.

WRECKERS AT WORK

Another Fiendish Attempt on the New York Central.

FOILED BY A FAITHFUL TRACKMAN

An Obstruction Placed in Front of the Chicago Limited—The Trackman Swings His Red Lantern and Receives a Bullet in the Shoulder. Conflicting Stories.

ALBANY, Sept. 9.—The 6 o'clock train out of New York, due here at 9:50 last night, was thirty minutes late, and as this train is usually on time it looked suspicious. It is intimated that a blockade intended to wreck the train was discovered by a track walker at New Hamburg, and that the train was flagged just in time to prevent a serious accident.

General Press Agent Wolf says that no word has been sent to him of any such occurrence, but admits the train was quite late and without any known cause.

A Sensational Story.

The blockade, it is said, consisted of steel rails and some old railroad iron. Division Superintendent Bissell could not be seen at his office, but his assistant said no word of the attempted wreck had been received.

Later, at 11:30 o'clock, a passenger at the depot was found who had talked with the trainman on the belated train. His story was highly sensational and was to the effect that at a point called Old Troy, near Hamburg, the train was stopped so quickly that the passengers were thrown from their seats.

There was great excitement, the people on the train believing that there was another accident. The cause, however, was the appearance of a trackman with a red lantern and blood streaming from a wound in the shoulder. The engineer said he heard several shots fired and then saw the man.

When the trackmen came up he said that there was an obstruction on the track, and a searching party soon found a pile of ties laid across and backed from behind with pieces of railroad iron. The obstruction was removed and the train proceeded with a thoroughly frightened lot of passengers.

The above story was shown to railroad officials here, but they refused to say whether it was true or not.

Another Version.

A railroad employe who was on the train was found later and tells another version, probably the true one. He says that two men out rowing on the river saw some men busy on the tracks, and waiting until they disappeared they crawled quickly up.

They found a steel rail wedged in the cattle guard in the same way as at Albany and braced in the same way by pieces of flange iron. With all their strength they could not move it, and started down the track to warn the Chicago limited express.

They met a track man, and swinging his red lantern started to stop the train. In an instant several shots rang out and one took effect in the trackman's shoulder. However, the train was stopped about 100 yards south of the obstruction. According to the description of the barricade it was of the same build as the one near Albany on Thursday night.

Not Like the Other Obstruction.

An official report just received shows that the obstruction was not placed like the one at Albany. There is a culvert at this point and into that culvert was jammed seven heavy ties.

These ties were placed so that their butts pointed towards the approaching train, and if the engine had struck it the ties would only have been driven in harder and the train would have gone into the river.

Wreckers Arrested.

ALBANY, Sept. 8.—John J. Reed, a brakeman, residing at East Albany, was arrested yesterday at Hudson, charged with wrecking the train near Castleton Thursday night. It is said he has confessed his crime and has given the names of four men, all of whom, it is said, are strikers. The greatest excitement prevails here and the strikers themselves make threats against Reed.

The facts are difficult to obtain but it seems as if when the detectives went to work they found trace of Reed, who is a well known railroad man, his whole family being in the business. He was tracked to Schodiack and then to Hudson and Saturday night one of the detectives found him at a house of prostitution. The chief detective of the road tapped him on the back and said, "Reed, we want you at Albany."

The man turned pale and said "What for? that job at Castleton? Who squealed?"

He was locked up and was brought here yesterday afternoon.

Two More Wreckers Arrested.

ALBANY, Sept. 9.—Information furnished by John Reed resulted in the arrest of two more train wreckers. The men are John Cordial, 34 years, a conductor, and John Kearnan, 36 years of age, a brakeman. Both are Knights of Labor and strikers.

A Chicago Paper for Clarkson.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—Senator Quay has not succeeded in securing Gen. Clarkson for the editorship of the Pittsburg evening paper which his friends are about to purchase. A bigger field has been chalked out for the general. It is understood that a syndicate of wealthy Republicans has been formed for the purchase of Joe Medill's Chicago Tribune for Clarkson, and that a pool of $2,000,000 has been raised for the purpose. The Tribune has been wabbling on the tariff for several years, and one of the objects of the purchase is to change it into an orthodox high tariff organ. Gen. Wanamaker is one of the subscribers of the pool.

Pittsburg Boys Strike.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 9.—About 500 finishing boys at T. G. Evans, Hagan, Evans & Co., the Peerless Glass company and Atterbury & Co.'s chimney factories on the south side struck for an increase in pay of 5 cents a turn. Should the strike continue for any length of time the chimney glass business would be seriously injured.

Mrs. Young Dead.

ATLANTIC CITY, Sept. 9.—Mrs. Joseph T. Young, who was shot Thursday morning by her husband at the Minnequa house in this city, died at 10:50 last evening. Dr. Reilly, the attending physician, gave as the cause pressure on the brain.

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WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

REED IS RE-ELECTED

The Speaker's Constituents Give Him an Increased Majority.

RUNNING AHEAD OF HIS TICKET.

The Complete Republican Ticket Elected by About the Usual Majority—Governor Burleigh Receives a Plurality of 15,000. Reed's Plurality Over 4,500.

AUGUSTA, Me., Sept. 9.—Chairman Manley, of the Republican state committee, sent at midnight the following dispatch to President Harrison:

Maine gives the largest Republican majority known in an off year since 1865, and a larger majority than given in a presidential contest since 1868, with the single exceptions of 1884 and 1888. Governor Burleigh is re-elected by a majority exceeding 15,000.

Speaker Reed is re-elected by the largest majority he ever received, exceeding 4,500. Representatives Dingley, Boutelle and Milliken are re-elected by majorities ranging from 2,500 to 5,000.

The Pine Tree state endorses your administration and remains in its advocacy of protection to American industry and American labor.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 10.—In the election in this state yesterday Governor Burleigh (Rep.) and the four Republican congressmen, Reed, Dingley, Milliken and Boutelle were re-elected.

Forty-eight out of fifty-three towns in the First district give Reed 16,091, Frank 11,339. Reed's plurality 4,752, against 2,439 in 1888. The remaining towns are small and will not materially change these figures.

Cumberland county is incomplete, but no doubt the Republican county ticket is elected by pluralities ranging from 1,500 to 2,000.

The total vote of Portland is:

For Governor: Burleigh, 3,570; Thompson, 2,127; Clark, 142. For Congressman: Reed, 3,648; Frank, 2,169; Hussey, 77. Four Republican legislators are elected and one Democrat, the latter on account of local dissatisfaction.

Exultation in Portland.

There is great enthusiasm in the city over Reed's election, and a big meeting was held in city hall last night, with an address by Reed.

In Biddeford the Democratic vote fell off 300, Reed carrying the city by 55.

One hundred and ninety-six towns give Burleigh 39,026, Thompson 26,235, scattering 2,029. Burleigh's plurality, 12,791. The same towns in 1888 gave Burleigh 48,443, Putnam 35,648, scattering 2,770. Burleigh's plurality, 12,795.

One hundred and fifty towns give Burleigh 30,799, Thompson 21,000, Clark 608, scattering 609. Last time Burleigh had 38,192, Putnam 28,372, Cushing 1,112, scattering 844. Republican plurality, 9,799; against 9,820 two years ago, a Democratic gain of 21.

SIXTEEN MEN KILLED

And Seven Injured by a Premature Explosion of Dynamite.

SPOKANE FALLS, Wash., Sept. 8.—It is now certain that sixteen men were killed and seven severely injured by the premature explosion of dynamite while blasting rock in the Northern Pacific freight yards Saturday evening. The dead are John McPherson, foreman; B. Vilter, James Talbo, powder men; A. Puelonlis, J. A. Holm, Joseph Ray, John Cartlino Rockmen, Henry Jacoboni, Henry Apted, Ray Pinkey, drillers. Six drillers, names not known.

The injured are John Rhine, head cut; John Reeth, shoulder blade and arms dislocated and leg broken; Matt Eulola, compound fracture of both bones of the right leg and severe scalp wounds; Jacob Hackie, injured internally; H. U. Hayes, whole upper jaw blown away, nose and right ear gone and both legs broken; John O. Blaine, injured internally; Joseph Bannie, injured internally.

An Asylum for Cats.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—The New York Women's Society to Befriend Domestic Animals (especially cats) has secured sixacres of land and a dilapidated building at One Hundred and Eighty-fifth street and Tenth avenue, which will be converted into an asylum or hospital. The object of the society is to protect domestic animals from starvation and abuse. At the society's asylum they will be put to death by chloroform. The asylum will be opened on Monday next, and animals will be received night and day.

Gen. Grant's Remains.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—Congressman O'Neill, who has charge of the resolution providing for the removal of Gen. Grant's remains from Riverside to Arlington cemetery, said that the matter would have been called up last Monday had it not been for the request for delay made by Mr. Payne, who was going away for a few days. The resolution cannot come up before Monday, Sept. 22, and then it can only be considered under a suspension of the rules.

Found a Headless Body.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Sept. 9.—On sailing into Ipswich bay a gunner from this city in search of water fowl discovered the headless body of Haywood Hall, the 17-year-old boy who, with a companion named Seymour, was drowned Aug. 30. There is a good deal of mystery connected with the disappearance of the head, which several who saw the body endeavored to clear with the theory that sharks had something to do with it.

Toledo Brakemen Strike.

FINDLAY, O., Sept. 9.—The brakemen on the outgoing freight train on the Toledo, Columbus and Cincinnati road struck for an advance in wages from $1.75 to $2 per day. As fast as trains arrived in the city the brakemen left them and joined the strikers. They attempted to prevent the trains going out manned with new men, but the police interfered. Later in the day the men were paid off and discharged. No further trouble is apprehended.

Disemboweled Himself.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 8.—A dispatch from Honeoye Falls to The Herald says that A. Bennett, a farmer living in that village, committed suicide in a horrible manner. Bennett cut his bowels open, pulled them out, stamped them on the ground and afterwards cut his throat. Being in the best of financial circumstances, and having happy relations with his family, his act is thought to have been the result of temporary insanity.

THE HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Sept. 3.

Grip prevails in Easton.

The failure of Steenstrand, the Liverpool cotton king, is reported.

The sloop Petrel capsized off San Diego, Cal., and six persons were drowned.

Speaker Reed has gone home to Portland, Me., to look after his political fences.

The Turkish soldiers at Jerusalem have expelled the Franciscan Fathers from that city.

D. C. Imboden, a prominent Kansas City grain commission merchant, failed for $40,000.

Charles H. Amsden, of Penacook, was nominated at Concord by the Democrats for governor of New Hampshire.

Fire at Erie, Pa., burned Bauschard Bros.' planing mill and the residences of Alderman Curtz, H. V. Cluss and Mrs. M. Mertz. Loss, $145,000.

At Joliet, Ills., an electric car became uncoupled and ran down hill with terrific speed. It ran into a gutter and a number of passengers were seriously hurt.

A Northern Pacific passenger train was derailed at Eagle Gorge, Wash., and J. D. Keplar, of Red Bluff, Cal., and Ben Young, a baseball umpire, were killed. Sixteen passengers were injured.

The British steamer Portuense, from New York Aug. 17 for Para and Maccio, foundered near Anegada Island, British West Indies. Nineteen of her crew are known to have been saved. Ten others are missing.

Thursday, Sept. 4.

President Carnot, of France, has recovered from his indisposition.

The porte has authorized the founding of a Russian school in Constantinople.

William M. Druly & Bros., grain merchants of Joliet, Ills., have failed. The liabilities are reported to be $50,000; assets small.

J. J. Hill, the Great Northern railroad magnate, has given a total of half a million dollars to establish a Catholic theological seminary in St. Paul.

The Lictian and Susanville stage was "held up" by a lone highwayman near Milford, Cal., and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express box stolen. The amount taken is unknown.

J. Taylor Ellison, chairman of the Virginia state Democratic committee, returned from Europe and called a meeting of the committee for Sept. 11 to map out the fall campaign.

D. J. Roberts, assistant general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania road at Cincinnati, has resigned to accept a similar position on the Erie road, with headquarters at Chicago.

The Cherokee Strip Live Stock association has petitioned the president to extend the time set for the evacuation of the Cherokee Strip by the cattle men until Dec 1, instead of Oct. 1, as now ordered.

Fred Curtis, 28 years old, of No. 363 South Clark street, Chicago, while walking with his wife in that city, was fatally stabbed by a negro whom Curtis had pushed into the gutter for making an insulting remark to his wife.

Friday, Sept. 5.

Johann von Lutz, the eminent Bavarian statesman, is dead.

M. Alexandre Chatrian, the well known French novelist, is dead.

The Chesapeake and Ohio canal is to be sold. Such is the decision of Judge Alvey.

Prince Bismarck has been ordered by his physicians to the Riviera for a change of air.

M. F. Miller, a lovesick Philadelphian, committed suicide in the Jersey Central depot, at Jersey City.

Frank P. Schiffbauer, mayor of Arkansas City, Kan., was arrested by the sheriff, charged with embezzlement.

At Belmont park, Philadelphia, Sunol made a mile in 2.11¾, failing to break the record. Palo Alto trotted a mile in 2.13¾.

A Chicago special says that there isn't a doubt but that Washington park will be decided upon as the site for the fair.

The contract to build the tunnel for utilizing the power of Niagara Falls has been sold to Rogers & Clement, of New York.

Hon. Frank Hatton, who has been dangerously ill for some time at his home in Washington, D. C., is reported out of danger.

The German agitator Toppen has been converted to Mahometanism at Lamu, and is about starting on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Large numbers of Russian mechanics are preparing to emigrate to Brazil owing to a slackening of the Russian iron industries.

At Scott City, Kan., Guy Quance, aged 9, was accidentally shot by his brother while they were hunting rabbits. He died within a few hours.

Seven women, colored excursionists from Savannah, Ga., were killed during a fight occasioned by the choice of a colored woman of an escort whom the other fellows didn't like.

Saturday, Sept. 6.

Richard Guenther, consul general to Mexico, is ill at his home in Oshkosh, Wis.

An incendiary fire at New Haven damaged the building of the New Haven Wire Goods company to the extent of $40,000.

The price of brick in the New York market is strong at $7 per 1,000 and dealers predict that it will rise to $10 within a week.

Fire at Arcadia, Wis., destroyed the Mineral Springs hotel, Muir's skating rink, Massure's store and Cargill's warehouse.

A Louisville, New Orleans and Texas passenger train was derailed near Vicksburg, Miss., and badly wrecked. No lives were lost.

A burley negro entered the "Big Four" postal car as it was entering Anderson, Ind., and compelled Mail Clerk Massey to hand over the registered letters. The robber jumped from the train and escaped.

Monday, Sept. 8.

Henri Rochefort wounded M. Thielbaud in a duel.

The grand jury of Stafford county, N. H., indicted Isaac B. Sawtelle for the murder of Hiram B. Sawtelle.

Charles Grambo, at Ransomville, N. Y., accidently shot a girl who was adopted into the family. She will die.

The Belgian labor party have resolved to declare a general strike on the occasion of the meeting of the labor congress on Sept. 14.

A hail storm visited the country surrounding Devil's lake, N. D., doing much damage to crops. Great destitution is expected to follow.

Michael Harrington, a tramp weaver, was shot at Georgiaville, R. I., by Policeman Lowton. Harrington was resisting arrest for disorderly conduct.

Joseph F. Welch is in jail at Quincy, Mass., under indictment for causing the death of Mary E. Fenley in the Old Colony railroad disaster on Aug. 19.

Industrial hall, at Philadelphia, suffered $25,000 damage by fire and water. The fire started in Hoffman & Co.'s sash and door factory, and the total loss was $50,000.

Tuesday, Sept. 9.

Mrs. Able Hughes and her child were drowned while attempting to ford Buffalo creek, West Virginia, in a wagon.

The dock laborers, coal porters, sailors and firemen at Southampton have struck against the employment of non-union men.

At a banquet in Bremen Baron Wissmann announced his intention of placing steamers upon Lakes Victoria, Nyassa and Tanganyika.

Professor James Bryce, author of the well known work on the American Commonwealth, is a guest of Sir Donald Smith in Montreal.

The steam barge W. L. Wetmore ran into and sunk the barge W. E. Tremble, near Port Huron. All the crew escaped except William McMaw, who was drowned.

The Kentucky constitutional convention met at Louisville. George Washington, of Newport, a relative of the immortal George, was elected temporary chairman.

The Maine Central Railroad company's estimates, based upon careful figures, places the summer tourist travel this summer to Maine, through all her gateways of travel, at 100,000.

Two limited trains collided on the New York Central track near Lockport, N. Y., and Baggageman Fiedler was instantly killed. An engineer and fireman were seriously injured.

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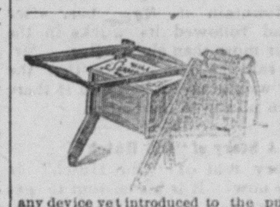

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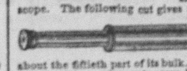

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Jas. B. Winkleman, dec'd, of Walker twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. PETER NEESE, Adm'r
2861 Spring Mills, Pa.

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No burned hands, no scalded scars, or disagreeable odor filling the house.

No overflow on the stoves while using these kettles. No cloths needed in handling them. They supply the long felt want. Onions, Kraut, codfish, corned beef or ham can be cooked in them without the bad smell filling the house. Every woman who sees them wants them and the men do not object to paying for them.

GEORGE M. POTTER,
22 Agent for Centre County.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL Estate.—The undersigned, executor of estate of John Goodhart, late of Gregg Township, dec'd., offers at private sale the following described real estate, situated about 2 miles west of Spring Mills, Pa., a

FINE FARM

Bounded by lands of Wood's Heirs, John Grove, James D. Wilson's Heirs, Mrs. M. A. Ross, Michael Tibbens, and others, containing

82 ACRES AND 62 PERCHES.

Thereon erected a good Dwelling House, Bank Barn, Buggy Shed, and all necessary outbuildings all of which are in good repair. There is a good young orchard of the choicest fruit on this farm. A good cistern at the house, and also a cistern at the barn. 75 acres of the above farm are cleared and enclosed with good fences, and in a high state of cultivation, the balance is well timbered with Hemlock. Persons desiring to purchase will find this farm beautifully located, being near the L. & T. R. R., near churches, post office, grist mill, stores, etc. Climate healthy.

For terms apply to

WILLIAM GOODHART,
2064 Executor, Farmers Mills, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of Elizabeth Snyder, dec'd., late of Potter twp., having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES A. OTT,
2 Executor.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 11, 1890

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 25 a m
"	Harrisburg	2 20 a m
"	Montandon	5 26 a m
"	Williamsport	7 10 a m
"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
"	Lock Haven	7 58 a m
"	Renovo	8 55 a m
" arr at	Erie	4 05 p m

Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves	New York	12 15 a m
"	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	Williamsport	11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 05 p m

Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves	New York	6 20 a m
"	Philadelphia	8 50 a m
"	Harrisburg	12 15a m
"	Montandon	2 03 a m
" arr at	Williamsport	3 05 p m
"	Lock Haven	4 15 p m
"	Renovo	5 15 p m
"	Kane	9 25 p m
EAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 40 p m
"	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
"	Montandon	5 54 p m
"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	Lock Haven	8 02 p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m
WMSPORT EXP leaves	Philadelphia	4 25 p m
"	Harrisburg	7 30 p m
"	Montandon	9 34 p m
" arrives at	Williamsport	10 30 p m

Sunday Train.—Williamsport express runs also on Sunday.

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
"	Williamsport	8 15 a m
"	Montandon	9 17 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 25 a m
"	Renovo	10 15 a m
"	Lock Haven	11 10 a m
"	Williamsport	12 15 p m
"	Montandon	1 14 p m.
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 13 p m
"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO AC'N leaves	Renovo	4 30 p m
"	Lock Haven	5 35 p m
"	Williamsport	6 40 p m
"	Montandon	7 42 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	9 45 p m
"	Philadelphia	4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	3 00 p m
"	Renovo	10 30 p m
"	Lock Haven	11 25 p m
"	Williamsport	12 25 a m
"	Montandon	1 22 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 22 a m
"	Philadelphia	6 50 a m

Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

SOUTHERN EXP leaves	Williamsport	1 30 a m
"	Montandon	2 30 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
"	Philadelphia	10 20 a m

Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East. Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
2 0	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 35
2 26		6 24	Biehl	8 51		5 26
2 32		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45		5 20
2 43		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 58		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53
3 08		7 05	Laurelton	8 13		4 43
3 44		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 55		7 51	Coburn	7 27		3 55
4 04		7 59	Zerby	7 19		3 45
4 13		8 08	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35
4 21		8 16	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
4 28		8 22	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
4 35		8 30	Gregg	6 43		3 13
4 43		8 37	Linden Hall	6 36		3 05
4 48		8 42	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 52		8 46	Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 57		8 51	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
5 06		9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40
5 10		9 04	Axemann	6 04		2 34
5 15		9 10	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45p m and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 p m, 1.20 p m, 6.00 p m and 7.45 p m.

CHAS. E FUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pas'ger Ag't.

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LOCAL OR TRAVELING

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Treatmen By Inhalation.

For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Headache, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and *all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.*

"The original and only genuine Compound Oxygen Treatment," Drs. Starkey & Palen have been using for the last twenty years, is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen *magnetized*, and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.

Drs. Starkey & Palen have the liberty to refer to the following named well known persons, who have tried their treatment.

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Rev. Victor L. Codrad, Ed. Luth. Observer, Phila
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Mrs. Mary Livermore, Melrose, Mass.
Mr. E. C. Knight, Philadelphia.
Mr. Frank Siddall, Merchant, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. W. Schuyler, Easton, Pa.
E. L. Wilson, 858 Broadway, N. Y., Ed. Ph. Photo.
Fidelia M. Lyon, Waimea, Hawaii, Sandwich Is.
Alexander Ritchie, Inverness, Scotland.
Mrs. Manuel V. Ortega, Fresnillo, Zacatecas, Mex
Mrs. Emma Cooper, Utilla, Span. Honduras, C A
J. Cobb, Ex-Vice Consul, Casablanca, Morocco.
M. V. Ashbrook, Red Bluff, Cal.
J. Moore, Sup. Police, Blanforn, Dorsetshire, Eng.
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"Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a new brochure of two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a record of several hundred surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Will be mailed free to any address on application. Read the brochure!

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject. "In the Lion's Den."

TEXT: *"Then the King commanded, and they brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions."*—Daniel vi., 16.

Darius was King of Babylon, and the young man Daniel was so much a favorite with him that he made him Prime Minister or Secretary of State. But no man could gain such a high position without exciting the envy and jealousy of the people. There were demagogues in Babylon who were so appreciative of their own abilities that they were affronted at the elevation of this young man. Old Babylon was afraid of young Babylon. The taller the cedar the more apt it is to be riven of the lightning.

These demagogues asked the King to make a decree that anybody that made a petition to anyone except the King within thirty days should be put to death. King Darius, not suspecting foul play, makes that decree. The demagogues have accomplished all they want, because they know that no one can keep Daniel from sending petitions before God for thirty days.

So far from being afraid, Daniel goes on with his supplications three times a day, and is found on his housetop making prayer. He is caught in the act. He is condemned to be devoured by the lions. Rough executioners of the law seize him and hasten him to the cavern. I hear the growl of the wild beasts, and I see them pawing the dust, and as they lift their mouths to the ground the solid earth quakes with their bellowing. I see their eyes roll, and I almost hear the fiery eyeballs snap in the darkness. These monsters approach Daniel. They have an appetite keen with hunger. With one stroke of their paw or one snatch of their teeth they may leave him dead at the bottom of the cavern. But what a strange welcome Daniel receives from these hungry monsters! They fawn around him; they lick his hand; they bury his feet in their long manes. That night he has calm sleep, with his head pillowed on the warm necks of the tamed lions.

But not so well does Darius the King sleep. He loves Daniel, and hates this stratagem by which he has been condemned. All night long the King walks the floor. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts and his flesh creeps with horror. He is impatient for the dawning of the morning. At the first streak of the daylight Darius hastens forth to see the fate of Daniel. The heavy palace doors open and clang shut long before the people of the city waken. Darius goes to the den of lions; he looks in. All is silent. He heart stops. He feels that the very worst has happened; but gathering all his strength he shouts through the rifts of the rock: "O Daniel! is the God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee?" There comes rolling up from the deep darkness a voice which says: "O King! live forever. My God has sent His angel to shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me."

Then Daniel is brought out from the den. The demagogues are hurled into it, and no sooner have they struck the bottom of the den than their flesh was rent, and their bones cracked, and their blood spurted through the rifts of the rock, and as the lions make the rocks tremble with their roar they announce to all ages that while God will defend His people the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Learn first from this subject that the greatest crime that you can commit in the eyes of many is the crime of success. What had Daniel done that he should be flung to the lions? He got to be prime minister. They could not forgive him for that, and behold in that a touch of unsanctified human nature as seen in all ages of the world. So long as you are pinched in poverty, so long as you are running the gauntlet between landlord and the tax gatherer, so long as you find it hard work to educate your children, there are people who will say, "Poor man, I am sorry for him; he ought to succeed, poor man!"

But after a while the tide turns in your favor. That was a profitable investment you made. You bought at just the right time. Fortune becomes good humored and smiles upon you. Now you are being in some department successful your success chills some one. Those men who used to sympathize with you stand along the street, and they scowl at you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money or more influence than they have, and you ought to be scowled at from under the rim of their hats. You catch a word or two as you pass by them. "Stuck up," says one one. "Got it dishonestly," says another. "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in your new house is laid on their hearts. Your horse's hoofs went over their nerves.

Every item of your success has been to them an item of discomfiture and despair. Just as soon as in any respect you rise above your fellows, if you are more virtuous, if you are more wise, if you are more influential, you cast a shadow on the prospect of others. The road to honor and success is within reach of the enemy's guns. Jealousy says, "Stay down or I'll knock you down." "I do not like you," said the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why don't you like me?" said the snowbird. "Oh!" said the snowflake, "you are going up and I am coming down." Young merchants, young lawyers, young doctors, young mechanics, young artists, young farmers, at certain times there were those to sympathize with you, but now that you are becoming master of your particular occupation or profession, how is it now, young lawyers, young doctors, young artists, young farmers—how is it now? The greatest crime that you can commit is the crime of success.

Again, my subject impresses me with the value of decision of character in any department. Daniel knew that if he continued his adherence to the religion of the Lord he would be hurled to the lions, but having set his compass well he sailed right on.

For the lack of that element of decision of character so eminent in Daniel many men are ruined for this world, and ruined for the world to come. A great many at forty years of age are not settled in any respect, because they have not been able to make up their mind. Perhaps they will go West. Perhaps they will go East. Perhaps they will not. Perhaps they will go North. Perhaps they may go South. Perhaps they will not. Perhaps they may make that investment in real estate or in railroads. Perhaps they will not. They are like a steamer that should go out of New York harbor, starting for Glasgow, and the next day should change for Havre de Grace, and the next for Charleston, and the next for Boston, and the next for Liverpool—these men on the sea of life, everlastingly tacking ship and making no headway. Or they are like a man who starts to build a house in the Corinthian style and changes it to Doric, and then completes it in the Ionic, and is cursed by all styles of architecture.

Young man, start right and keep on. Have decision of character. Character is like the goldfinch of Tonquin: it is magnificent while standing firm, but losses all its beauty in flight. How much decision of character in order that these young men may be Christians! Their old associates make sarcastic flings at them. They go on excursions and they do not invite them. They prophesy that he will give out. They wonder if he is not getting wings. As he passes they grimace and wink and chuckle, and say, "There goes a saint."

Oh, young man, have decision of character. You can afford in this matter of religion to be laughed at. What do you care for the scoffs of these men, who are affronted because you will not go to ruin with them? When the grave cracks open under their feet, and grim messengers push them into it, and eternity comes down hard upon their spirit, and conscience stings, and hopeless ruin lifts them up to hurl them down, will they laugh then?

I learn also from my subject that men may take religion into their worldly business. Daniel had enough work to do to occupy six men. All the affairs of state were in his hand—questions of finance, questions of war, of peace, all international questions were for his settlement or adjustment. He must have had a correspondence vast beyond all computation. There was not a man in all the earth who had more to do than Daniel, the Secretary of State, and yet we find him three times a day bowing before God in prayer. There are men in our day who have not a hundredth part of Daniel's engagements who say they are too busy to be religious. They have an idea somehow that religion will spoil their worldly occupation, that it will trip the accountant's pen, or dull the carpenter's saw, or confuse the lawyer's brief, or disarrange the merchant's store shelf.

They think religion is impertinent. They would like to have it very well seated beside them in church on the Sabbath, to find the place in the psalm book, or to nudge them awake when they get sleepy under the didactic discourse; or they would like to leave it in the pew on Sabbath evening, as they go out closing the door, saying: "Good night, religion; I'll be back next Sunday." But to have religion go right along by them all through life, to have religion looking over their shoulder when they are making a bargain, to have religion take up a bag of dishonest gold and shake it, and say: "Ha! ha! where did you get that?" they think that is an impertinent religion. They would like to have a religion to help them when they are sick, and when the shadow of death comes over them they would like to have religion as a sort of night-key with which to open the door of heaven; but religion under other circumstances they take to be an impertinence. Now, my friends, religion never robbed a man of a dollar. Other things being equal, a mason will build a better wall, a cabinet maker will make a better chair, a plumber will make a better pipe, a lawyer will make a better plea, a merchant will sell a better bill of goods.

I say other things being equal. Of course when religion gives a man a new heart it does not propose to give him a new head, or to intellectualize him, or to change a man's condition when his ordinary state is an overthrow of the philosophical theory that a total vacuum is impossible; but the more letters you have to write, the more burdens you have to carry, the more miles you have to travel, the more burdens you have to lift, the more engagements you have to meet, the more disputes you have to settle, the more opportunity you have of being a Christian.

If you have a thousand irons in the fire you have a thousand more opportunities of serving God than if you had only one iron in the fire. Who so busy as Christ? And yet who a millionth part as holy? The busiest men the best men. All the persons converted in Scripture busy at the time of their being converted. Matthew attending to his custom house duties; the Prodigal Son feeding swine; Lydia selling purple; Simon Peter hauling in the net from the sea; Saul spurring his horse toward Damascus, going down on his law business. Busy! busy! Daniel with all the affairs of state weighing down upon his soul, and yet three a day worshiping the God of Heaven.

Again, I learn from this subject that a man may take religion into his politics. Daniel had all the affairs of state on hand, yet a Christian. He could not have kept his elevated position unless he had been a thorough politician; and yet all the thrusts of officials and all the danger of disgrace did not make him yield one iota of his high toned religious principle. He stood before that age, he stands before all ages, a specimen of a Christian politician.

So there have been in our day and in the days of our fathers men as eminent in the service of God as they have been eminent in the service of the State. Such was Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney-General of New York, in the time of your fathers. Such was John McLean, of Ohio. Such was Geo. Briggs, of Massachusetts. Such was Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. Men faithful to the State, at the same time faithful to God.

It is absurd to expect that men who have been immersed in political wickedness for thirty or forty years shall come to reformation; and our hope is in the young men who are coming up, that they have patriotic principle and Christian principle side by side when they come to the ballot box and cast their first vote, and that they swear allegiance to the government of heaven as well as to the Government of the United States. We would have Bunker Hill mean less to them than Calvary, and Lexington mean less to them than Bethlehem.

But because there are bad men around the ballot box is no reason why Christian men should retreat from the arena. The last time you ought to give up your child or forsake your child is when it is surrounded by a company of Choctaws; and the last time to surrender the ballot box is when it is surrounded by impurity and dishonesty and all sorts of wickedness.

Daniel stood on a most unpopular platform. He stood firmly, though the demagogues of the day hissed at him and tried to overthrow him. We must carry our religion into our politics. But there are a great many men who are in favor of taking religion into national politics who do not see the importance of taking it into city politics; as though a man were intelligent about the welfare of his neighborhood and had no concern about his own home.

Religion would drive out all base personalities from politics. You have a right to discuss men's politics and denounce their political sentiments, or receive them as you will; but you have no right to assail their private character, as is done every autumn. That is not carrying religion into politics. Now you can always tell without asking, in any contest, what candidate I will vote for. It is always for the man who is most badgered, and most abused, and most spit upon, and most howled at. You have a right to contest a man's political sentiments; you have no right, for base political purposes, to assail his private moral character.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that lions cannot hurt a good man. No man ever got into worse company than Daniel got into when he was thrown into the den. What a rare morsel that fair young man would have been for the hungry monsters! If they had plunged at him he could not have climbed into a niche beyond the reach of their paw or the snatch of their tooth. They came pleased all around about him as a hunter's hounds at the well known whistle come bounding to his feet.

You need not go to Numidia to get among the lions. You all have had them after you—the lion of financial distress, the lion of sickness, the lion of persecution. You saw that lion of financial panic putting his mouth down to the earth, and he roared until all the banks and all the insurance companies quaked. With his nostril he scattered the ashes on the domestic hearth. You have had trial after trial, misfortune after misfortune, lion after lion; and yet they have never hurt you if you put your trust in God, and they never will hurt you. They did not hurt Daniel, and they cannot hurt you.

The Persians used to think that spring rain falling into sea shells would turn into pearls; and I have to tell you that the tears of sorrow turn into precious gems when they drop into God's bottle. You need be afraid of nothing putting your trust in God. Even death, that monster lion whose den is the world's sepulchre, and who puts his paw down amid thousands of millions of the dead, cannot affright you.

When in olden times a man was to get the honors of knighthood he was compelled to go fully armed the night before among the tombs of the dead, carrying a sort of spear, and then when the day broke he would come forth, and amid the sound of cornet and great parade he would get the honors of knighthood. And so it will be with the Christian in the night before heaven, as fully armed with spear and helmet of salvation he will wait and watch through the darkness until the morning dawns, and then he will take the honors of heaven amid that great throng with snowy robes streaming over seas of sapphire.

The number of blind people in the world is set down at one million.

STORIES OF ANIMALS.

HORSE, MULE, BULL AND PANTHER.

"Jen" Could Kick---A Cunning Bull---Washing a Panther.

Last winter a Scranton, Pa., man owned a lank bay horse that stood nearly nineteen hands high. The long-legged animal devoured great quantities of food, and after the Scranton man had made several unsuccessful efforts to sell him or trade him off he got a Waverly farmer to winter the horse at a stated price. In the course of six weeks the voracious horse had devoured a whole stack of hay, and the Waverly man became frantic. He straightway came to Scranton and told the owner of the horse that the greedy beast would ruin him financially before spring, and he begged the man to take the horse away at once, agreeing to take $5 a ton for all the hay the horse had eaten and say no more about it. There was a good deal of the milk of human kindness in the owner of the horse, and he made the discouraged farmer feel happy by removing the horse the next day.

The bay nag was an elephant on the Scranton man's hands for a while, but eventually he traded it off for a pair of mare mules that he didn't know anything about. One of the mules proved to be a very gentle and docile creature, while the other soon convinced her owner that she had been foaled and raised right in the centre of the village of Kickerville, as he expressed it. The man quickly concluded that it wouldn't do to keep the mules together, and so he sold the gentle mule for $175. The bad mule, whose name was Jen, was as big an elephant on his hands as the tall horse had been, and how to dispose of her honorably racked his brain for months, he said.

Along in the summer an unusually active young chap offered to bet Jen's owner that he could ride the mule five blocks on one of the business avenues. "I'll bet you $5 you can't," the man told the spry fellow, and the money was put up at once. All that the young man wanted on Jen when he rode her was a blind bridle and a surcingle, and pretty soon Jen was led out into the street in sight of a crowd that didn't get very near her heels. The athletic chap seized the bridle reins in his left hand, grasped the surcingle on Jen's back with his right, and spoke kindly to the mule.

Jen was standing still then, but the expression in her moving ears, her owner said, told him as plainly as words that the old Harry would soon be to pay. With a spring the young man leaped to Jen's back, and at the same instant Jen's hind legs began to play like drum sticks, while her head went down, and the athlete was astride of her neck. Between kicks Jen whirled around a dozen times within a circle of twenty feet, and then made a dash for the open door of a grocery, in front of which a low awning extended over the sidewalk. Her would-be rider saw his danger, and grabbed the eaves of the awning with both hands, and Jen kited into the grocery and began to eat apples out of a barrel. He was the last person who tried to ride her.

Last summer a wealthy coal mine operator in the Lackawanna valley owned a six-year-old Holstein bull that was cross and vicious. Generally the bull was tied with a rope in a yard by himself, but occasionally he was allowed to run loose in a yard with a lot of idle mine mules. The two yards joined, and one day four or five of the mules got in the yard where the bull was tied up and began to act mischievously around him. The barn keeper saw one of them nip the bull on the flank and cut up other playful capers. The bull didn't like to be played with, but one mule in particular seemed to take delight in teasing him. After a while the old bull got bellowing mad, and the barn keeper drove the mules out and put up the bars.

A few days after that the bull was let loose in the mule yard. He began to nose around a manure heap, apparently as contented as could be, while several of the mules nibbled straw on either side of him. At his right stood the mule that had teased him a few days before. The barn man was watching them. All at once, without a bit of warning, the bull made a vicious lunge at the mule on his right, and thrust one of his horns deep into its left side. The mule died in no time, and when they cut it open they found that the bull's horn had pierced the centre of its heart. After that the bull tried to kill two men, and he got to be so dangerous that the owner had him shot.

While driving through the Stony Creek ravine recently, Mr. H. M. Hanor, who lives in the Elk Creek valley, four miles from Skinner's Creek, Pa., had a remarkable experience. Mr. Hanor had a single horse attached to a buggy with a canopy top, and he was alone. The horse was on a slow walk, when suddenly it shied to the right, and Mr. Hanor saw a quick movement among the bushes to his left. What the flash-like motion was he didn't know, he said, because his whole attention was directed to the skittish horse at the instant, and when he reined the horse back into the road he saw a long-bodied animal creeping through the copse toward the carriage. Before he had time to make up his mind what kind of a beast it was, the animal crouched, and then sprang at the buggy.

It landed in the roadway opposite a point between the wheels, having seemingly checked its leap on account of the canopy, the fringe of which fluttered. The horse snorted and plunged ahead, and the strange animal crept along and made several moves as if it meant to spring into the carriage. It constantly eyed the fluttering top and seemed to be afraid to make the spring, snarling a little as it kept alongside of the wagon. Seeing that the beast was bent on following him, Mr. Hanor picked up his whip and dealt it two cuts with the lash, thinking that it would then clear out.

When the lash cut it on the head the second time, the animal gave vent to three ear-piercing screams, and Mr. Hanor then realized that he was dealing with a panther. He had the horse well under control, with the lines in his left hand, and, as the panther followed and kept screaming, he lashed it again, and it darted to the rear of the buggy and leaped to the right side, where Mr. Hanor lashed it half a dozen times. Again it acted as if it would spring upon him if the top wasn't there, and fearing that it would do so before long, Mr. Hanor threw down his whip, pulled off his right mitten, unbuttoned his overcoat, pulled out his six-shooter, and fired four times at the panther. Each bullet took effect, and the beast rolled into the ditch and died.

It was a female panther nearly seven feet in length, and it is supposed that it was the mate of a huge male panther which a party of Wilkesbarre deer hunters ran down and killed in Dead Pine Mountain in November, after they had followed its tracks in the snow for more than eight miles. Mr. Hanor said he felt certain that the panther would have killed him if there had been no top to the buggy.

A Story of "Old Hutch."

A story told of "Old Hutch" is apropos now. It is his custom to get down town very early in the morning. He thinks half-past seven is late enough for any man to go to work; and his son, who is as courteous and refined as the great operator is rough, asked as a favor to himself of one of the clerks in the Corn Exchange Bank to attend upon the old man's matutinal labors. One day the clerk was a few minutes late, and Old Hutch promptly dismissed him with the language he most affects. Next day the young man appeared as usual, and the anger of the millionaire filled the room, until Mr. Charles Hutchinson came down to business at 9 o'clock. He had then lately become president of the Corn Exchange, and he told his father firmly that he held that office, and if he did not like the actions of his clerks he could find a desk elsewhere; he reminded him that it was not in any man's power to dismiss his clerks. Old Hutch is usually dumb before his son, and he stalked away in wrath, and was not seen again in the Corn Exchange for many weeks. When the name of Charles Hutchinson first came up as president of the Chicago Board of Trade, his father told the story and urged his election, "because the cub has the spunk to boss me."

A Thoroughly Americanized German.

Richard Guenther of Oshkosh, who has recently been nominated consul general in Mexico, ought to bring back to the public mind the brave words he uttered when in the midst of the Samoa troubles the attitude of the Germans in the United States was a subject of speculation. Said Mr. Guenther—

After passing through the crucible of naturalization, we are no longer Germans; we are Americans. Our attachment to America cannot be measured by the length of our residence here. We are Americans from the moment we touch the American shore until we are laid in American graves. We will fight for America whenever necessary. America first, last and all the time; America against Germany; America against the world; America, right or wrong; always America. We are Americans.

A Wonderfully Prolific Novelist.

The fertility of Rider Haggard is almost beyond belief. A New York newspaper has begun the serial publication of his latest novel. How does Haggard find the time for the mere mechanical production of four or five novels a year, while, in the same time, he does a vast amount of travelling? No one who has ever written a story has failed to observe that a prolonged effort of the imagination begets a depressing nervous reaction. The imaginative quality of Haggard's stories forms their leading characteristic. He must have a constitution of iron, to withstand the nervous exhaustion incident to the production of gigantic lies. It would almost seem that he must have surrounded himself with young men who finish his uncompleted work, as the pupils of Rubens used to polish off the paintings of their master.

An Intrepid Woman Explorer.

One of the most intrepid explorers of the day is a Persian lady, Mme. le Ray, mother of the Duke d'Abrantes, who has been for several months engaged in Eastern travel. After having visited Babylon and Nineveh, she traversed the Persian deserts, amid terrible privations, in order to reach India. For five days and five nights her little caravan had to encamp in the wilds without meeting a living soul, or even discovering the slightest trace of a human being. During all this time the cold was so intense that Mme. le Ray's fingers were frost-bitten, and her guides became seriously ill. She managed, at last, to reach the Persian Gulf, where she embarked for India.

....College under graduates of old-school propensities may learn, through a lecture by Andrew Lang on "The Natural History of Society," that a relative of Kublo Khan, a chief whose bad luck brought on him the sentence of death by his tribe, was tossed in a blanket till he died.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1890.

Parable of the Pounds.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 19 : 11-27. Memory verses: 12-13.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Saviour of Men.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *He is able to save to the uttermost.*—Heb. 7 : 25.

LESSON TOPIC: *Rewarding the Faithful Servant.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Testing all Servants, vs. 11-15.
2. Rewarding Faithful Servant, vs. 16 19, 24-26.
3. Punishing Unfaithful Servants, vs. 20-24, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Unto every one which hath shall be given.*—Luke 19 : 26.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Luke 19 : 11-27. Rewarding faithful service.
T.—Matt. 25 : 14-30. Rewarding faithful service.
W.—Rev. 2 : 1-10. Faithful service enjoined.
T.—2 Tim. 4 : 1-18. Faithful service reviewed.
F.—Deut. 34 : 1-12. Faithful service ended.
S.—Matt. 14 : 1-12. Faithful service ended.
S.—1 Cor. 3 : 1-23. Service tested.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. TESTING ALL SERVANTS.

I. The Absent Lord:
A certain nobleman went into a far country (12).
I go to prepare a place for you (John 14 : 2).
Now I go unto him that sent me (John 16 : 5).
He was taken up; and a cloud received him (Acts 1 : 9).
Christ entered....into heaven itself (Heb. 9 : 24).

II. The Trusted Servants:
He called ten servants,....and gave them ten pounds (13).
Called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods (Matt. 25 : 14).
To each one is given....to profit withal (1 Cor. 12 : 7).
He ascended on high,....and gave gifts unto men (Eph. 4 : 8).
As each hath received a gift, ministering it (1 Pet. 4 : 10).

III. The Final Reckoning:
Called to him, that he might know what they had gained (15).
Unto every man according to his deeds (Matt. 16: 27).
Cometh, and maketh a reckoning with them (Matt. 25: 19).
Render the account of thy stewardship (Luke 16: 2).
Each one may receive the things done in the body (2 Cor. 5: 10).

1. "They supposed that the kingdom of God was immediately to appear." (1) The assured coming; (2) The misjudged time; (3) The corrective teachings.
2. "Trade ye herewith till I come." (1) The master; (2) The servants; (3) The trust; (4) The trading; (5) The absence; (6) The return.
3. "That he might know what they had gained by trading." (1) The trust committed; (2) The trading ordered; (3) The report required; (4) The results involved.

II. REWARDING FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

I. Diligence:
Lord, thy pound hath made ten pounds more (16).
The hand of the diligent maketh rich (Prov. 10: 4).
Seest thou a man diligent?....he shall stand before kings (Prov. 22: 29).
Lo, I have gained other five talents (Matt. 25: 20).
Adding....all diligence, in your faith supply virtue (2 Pet. 1: 5).

II. Commendation:
Well done, thou good servant (17).
Well done, good and faithful servant (Matt. 25: 21).
Faithful in a very little....faithful also in much (Luke 16: 10).
They shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy (Rev. 3: 4).
They washed their robes, and made them white (Rev. 7: 14).

III. Advancement:
Unto every one that hath shall be given (26).
I will set thee over many things (Matt. 25: 23).
Give it unto him that hath the ten talents (Matt. 25: 28).
He shall have abundance (Matt. 25: 29).
He counted me faithful, appointing me to his service (1 Tim. 1: 12).

1. "Well done, thou good servant." (1) The conduct commended; (2) The commendation bestowed; (3) The rewards added.
2. "Give it unto him that hath ten pounds." (1) Ability demonstrated; (2) Opportunity enlarged.
3. "Unto every one that hath shall be given." God's law for human advancement: (1) Opportunity bestowed; (2) Improvement noted; (3) Opportunity extended; (4) Possibilities limited.

III. PUNISHING UNFAITHFUL SERVANTS.

I. Inactivity:
Thy pound, which I kept laid up in a napkin (20).
He said, I go, sir; and went not (Matt. 21: 30).
I....hid thy talent in the earth; lo, thou hast thine own (Matt. 25: 25).
Thou wicked and slothful servant (Matt. 25: 26).
Be ye doers,....not hearers only, deluding your own selves (Jas. 1: 22).

II. Distrust:
I feared thee, because thou art an austere man (21).
What is the Almighty, that we should serve him? (Job 21: 15).
They say, How doth God know? (Psa. 73: 11).
What profit is it that we have kept his charge? (Mal. 3: 14).
I knew thee that thou art a hard man (Matt. 25: 24).

III. Deprivation.
Take away from him the pound (24).
Take ye away therefore the talent from him (Matt. 25: 28).
Even that which he hath shall be taken away (Matt. 25: 29).
Cast ye out the unprofitable servant (Matt. 25: 30).
If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss (1 Cor. 3: 15).

1. "Lord, behold, there is thy pound, which I have kept....in a napkin." (1) The master's inspection; (2) The servant's report.—(1) The pound preserved; (2) The pound returned; (3) The pound unproductive.
2. "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee." (1) Expressed convictions; (2) Confessed actions; (3) Manifest inconsistency; (4) Deserved doom.
3. "These mine enemies,....slay." (2) Their hatred of their lord; (2) Their protest against their lord; (3) Their fate before their lord.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

FAITHFUL SERVICE ILLUSTRATED.

By Abraham (Neh. 9 : 7, 8; Gal. 3 : 9).
By Joseph (Gen. 39 : 3-6, 21-23).
By Moses (Num. 12 : 7 ; Heb. 3 : 2, 5).
By David (1 Sam. 22 : 14).
By Daniel (Dan. 6 : 4).
By Paul (Acts 20 : 20, 26, 27 ; 2 Tim. 4 : 7).
By Timothy (1 Cor. 4 : 17).
By Antipas (Rev. 2 : 13).
By a nameless multitude (Heb. 11 : 35-40).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS. — There are none recorded.

PLACE.—In Jericho, perhaps still at the entrance to the house of Zaccheus, possibly within the house.

TIME.—As before, probably on Thursday evening, 7th of Nisan, March 30, 783 A. U. C.; that is, A. D. 30. Some think the lesson should be assigned to the next morning, just before the departure for Bethany.

PERSONS.—Our Lord, with a crowd of hearers, not further described. In the parable, a nobleman and ten of his servants, three of whom are mentioned particularly; citizens of the nobleman's domain, others standing by when the reckoning was made.

INCIDENTS.—The occasion of the parable; the journey of the nobleman; the trust committed to his servants; the rebellious embassy of the citizens; the reckoning with the servants when the nobleman had received the kingdom; the answer of the first faithful servant, and the reward promised him; that of the second followed also by a reward; then the answer of the wicked servant, with the reply of his master and the judgment pronounced upon him; the objection of those that stood by; the reward of faithfulness and the punishment of unfaithfulness; the judgment of the rebellious citizens.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—The parable of the talents (Matt. 25 : 14-30) resembles this one, but is not strictly parallel.

Mound-Building Birds.

MISS H. E. SMITH.

The Maleo (*Megacephalon Maleo*) is a kind of fowl which it is rather surprising no one has been at the pains to domesticate and introduce into civilized countries, for its flesh and its eggs are both excellent and the bird would apparently be easily tamed. The maleo belongs to the family of Megapodes or mound-builders which is abundant in the Australian region, but itself is peculiar to the island of Celebes. It is about the size of a small turkey, being twenty-four inches in length and having an average weight of nearly four pounds. For a wonder the male and female are so nearly alike in plumage that it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. They are of an entire brownish black with the exception of the breast and under parts, which are of a lovely rose pink. Their ordinary gait is slow and stately, but when they choose they can run rapidly. In the months of August and Sept. the birds come down in large numbers from the interior forests to the seashore, where they build from the beach gravel a little above high water mark the curious mounds from which they take their name. These are not regular erections, as the name would imply, but are rather irregular elevations and caused by the birds' efforts to hide their eggs beneath three or more feet of sand and gravel. Where many of these nests are together they present the appearance of a rough, confused sea. The bird's foot is its only spade or shovel and is exceedingly well adapted for the purpose, being large, powerful, broad-soled and slightly webbed at the base of the toes. During the operation of covering the eggs with the loose black sand or gravel upon which they are deposited, the cock bird digs as well as the hen, and it is a curious sight to watch them at work, the sand being thrown up in perfect fountains at each stroke. The ostrich is acclimatized in southern California, and there is no apparent reason why the maleo should not be similarly introduced.—*American Agriculturist.*

Remarkable Temperance Campaign.

Russia is at present in the throes of a temperance campaign, which the central Government does not appear to be seconding to any great extent, if one may judge by the news from the Department of Kiew. In that section thirty-six villages sent petitions to Petersburg demanding the abolition of all liquor selling establishments within their boundaries. Thirty-five of these petitions were rejected, but the thirty-sixth being accepted, the inhabitants of the village thus deprived of its drink turned out and beat to death the man who had drawn up the petition. They said he had been altogether too eloquent

Ship Building in Great Britain.

In a late issue of the Shipping World a diagram is published showing the tonnage of ships built in Great Britain since 1881. In that year the total production was 1,00,000 tons. In 1883 it was 1,200,000. It gradually fell off until 1886, when the total production was only 400,000. It then began to increase again and in 1888 had reached 900,000, and in 1889 a great bound was made to 1,300,000.

ABOUT THE FARM.

Hints for Farmers and Busy Housewives to Appreciate.

It is worthy of reiteration that milk heated to as high a temperature as it can be drunk or sipped, above 100 degrees, but not to the boiling point, is of great value as a refreshing stimulant in cases of over-exertion, bodily or mental. To most people who like milk, it does not taste so good hot, but that is a small matter compared with the benefit to be got from it. Its action is exceedingly prompt and grateful, and the effects much more satisfactory and far more lasting than those of any alcoholic drink whatever. It supplies real strength as well as exhilaration, which alcohol never does.

It had been observed that many of the rivers of Saxony, which flow through loose or soft materials, have a steep bank on the east, northeast or southeast, while the opposite shore is flat. Herr Rucktaschel, who has been studying the subject, attributes this one-sidedness to the action of the prevailing southwest, west or northwest winds, which drive the rains almost at right angles against the bank sloping from the east, and wash away the soil in much greater quantity than from the western bank. Some of the river valleys of Prussia and Bavaria exhibit similiar phenomena.

Plants are often killed by frost in valleys and up to a certain height upon the hills, while above this limit they entirely escape injury. It has been found by observations that a thermometer attached to a high tower in a valley indicates at night the same average temperature as a thermometer on the side of a neighboring hill upon the same level. This indicates that on a tranquil night the cold air resulting from radiation at the surface of the earth settles in the valleys, in consequence of its greater density, and the warm and cold air are arranged in nearly horizontal strata like liquids of differen density.

Domestic co-operation is affording a means of economy and, in a few respects, convenience, that are directing some attention to itself. If the cooking, the laundry work, the sewing and other work can be done outside the house and done more cheaply than at home, then is some money saved, the housewives are relieved of what is perhaps a burden and the home is free from operations that it is desirable should be banished from it. At any rate, this is the plea that is made for co-operation. This principle of doing domestic work is developing in a rudimentary way in many directions and they have some promise of being permanent.

Seeing an inquiry for Graham bread I enclose a rule which I have used with success for years. In winter it sometimes is very slow in rising, sometimes being all the forenoon in the pans, but in summer I do not think it takes any longer than white bread. I hope she who asks for it may find it satisfactory: A level pint of sifted white flour, a heaping pint of Graham meal, a teaspoonful of salt. Mix the dry ingredients well, then rub into it a small teaspoonful of lard, add a half small cupful of molasses and two-thirds of a coffee cupful of good hop yeast or half a Vienna yeast cake dissolved in two-thirds of a cupful tepid water. Mix stiff enough to knead, with luke-warm water, and rise over night. In the morning mould into two loaves and let it rise till light before baking. It should be baked nearly or quite an hour. C. M. G.

Too much stress cannot be placed upon the fact that wheat farming will have to be abandoned. The finger of destiny points to the deciduous fruit of the golden orange as the product to which the favored grain-grower of this wonderful citrus belt must now address himself to the task of cultivating more extensively. The area devoted to wheat and barley must inevitably become more circumscribed and the scope dedicated to the production of fruits shall grow steadily greater. If ranchers will plant a few acres in oranges every season they must in a few years have large and handsome groves, worth just as much as the far-famed orchards of southern California. But to achieve the best results the fruit-growers of the Sacramento valley will be compelled to water their trees. It would be altogether useless to dot our productive valley with orange groves unless we shall organize an irrigation district. As has already been said, we have water at hand, plenty of it. It is accessible under ground and in the river, and all that is needed is action for its utilization. Any one who may be skeptical as to the magical effect of water in this regard should consult A. F. Abbott, who bored wells, irrigated his orchard and is charmed at the result.—Maryville Democrat.

A bull of any sire animal should not be fat but igorous. To keep them in this condition they should be fed nitrogenous foods or muscle-forming foods. More than half of their grain food should be wheat bran. Ground oats are excellent. I should make the preparations as follows: One-half by weight of bran, one-fourth linseed meal and one-fourth oats. The amount fed should be according to size and service required; from two quarts per day to six and eight quarts are enough for a bull 2 years old and upward, and when clover hay is fed four quarts are ample. When not in service they do not require so much. If a bull is natable, give no oats, as the oats will stimulate their condition. No corn or rye should be fed. They will make the animal tardy and impatient.

When timothy hay is fed, give more bran. The stallion may have more oats to give him spirit and make him more showy. The bull does not want to be showy, but simply vigorous, and the less fever he has the better. Keep the bull where he can see people and have something to interest him. We had a bull which was getting ferocious all by himself, and when put where he could see everyone going from the house to the barn, and the cattle, dogs, chickens and horses, he became quiet and docile. It is not only the food which makes a good bull, but an opportunity to see about and agreeable surroundings. A lonely bull will be uneasy and ugly, and when closely confined they are in an unnatural condition.

The dairyman who attempts to keep the modern milk cow, when in full milk, upon hay and other coarse fodder, without the aid of a concentrated grain ration, is in about the same plight as an ocean steampship company would be if it would send its steamers to sea with wood instead of coal for fuel for its furnace; so much more in bulk would be required for storage room for passengers or freight, besides being liable to get out of fuel before port was reached, in case of unavoidable delay. A cow cannot hold or absorb from hay alone enough nourishment to produce from 12 to 20 quarts of rich milk a day, as many of our test cows can do nowadays. The skillful feeder aims to feed sufficient corn fodder to furnish bulk to distend the stomachs as well as induce the chewing of the cud, and then makes up the rest of the ration of concentrated grain. The aim should be to feed just all the grain the cow can digest and assimilate, and as some will make good use of considerable more than others, the feeder should study the peculiarities of each animal and guage the quantity to suit the capacity of each. When a cow in full milk and good health is not making use of all her food the excrement will smell very offensive and a slight decrease in one or all of the ingredients of its grain will save a loss in this direction.—New England Farmer.

However desirable an open winter may be for many kinds of work, the ice harvest demands at least a week of steady cold. Don't postpone. As soon as good clean ice, four inches thick, has formed, do not delay. Having a small ice-house, it was cheaper to get it filled by contract than to keep a set of ice implements and machinery. Of late we have had one of the ice companies that supply ice to the neighboring towns do the job. With abundant hands and horses, and all the needed facilities, they have usually made short work of it, and the arrangement has been satisfactory, except last year. There was good, if not very thick, ice last year until late into December. There was no need hurrying about our small job; they could put that in at any time. Their large houses were filled. A rain one night carried off all the ice, and it was forgotten to make any more. It being desirable to move the ice-house, that work was done in spring.

Do not think you are going to make the hens lay this winter by following rules or buying nostrums for them. No doubt some of the prepared foods are good, but some of them are too much of a transient stimulant. The best way is to remember the conditions under which fowls may best in spring and summer and give them the same conditions as nearly as possible. In thinking the matter over you will find that they want water where they can get it any time; they want a room where the sun shines through plenty of windows; they want green food in the form of grass or vegetables; they want a chance to play in dry dust or ashes, and this is better than all the rules for cleanliness for keeping them free from lice. Let them fill the air and cover the coats with very fine dust, and they will take care of that job themselves while the rules would be neglected. They need exercise, and if there is no other way to provide it, make them scratch among straw or leaves for their grain. Hens are early risers and want to be fed early in the morning.

Farm Notes.

Why should any one expect good crops of apples from trees raised in grass? He never expects to raise vegetables in this way.

Most of the varieties of vegetables have been made by selections, continued through years, they are strains rather than new kinds but for all that are invaluable in progressive agriculture.

The farmer who raises a fast trotter is not the man who makes much money by it. The profit goes to trainers and capitalists. The ordinary farmer is too careless for the niceties of training.

Trees girdled in the early spring by animals or malicious persons can be saved by promptly inserting grafts over the bare spot so as to connect the bark above and below the wound. It makes a bridge for the sap.

Fruit-culture will rarely be profitable to anybody on the haphazard plan. It requires study, careful attention and hard work. The man who never has time to be exact and methodical, need not hope for profit from fruit.

Even after a new variety has been obtained in a scientific manner there is a tendency to revert to one or both of the parents, and experience has proved that under the most favorable conditions three years of careful selection is needed to fix permanently the cross.

I'm So Hungry

Says Nearly Everyone After Taking A Few Doses of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Are the Oldest Family Standard.

A Purely Vegetable Compound, without mercury or other injurious mineral. Safe and sure always. For sale by all Druggists. Full printed directions for using with each package. Dr. Schenck's new book on The Lungs, Liver and Stomach SENT FREE. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

PAINLESS. EFFECTUAL.

Act like Magic on the Vital Organs.

BEECHAM'S PATENT PILLS. ST. HELENS LANCASHIRE

One Dose Relieves in Twenty Minutes.

Worth a Guinea a Box.

FOR ALL

BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS,

Such as Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, &c.

Arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole Physical Energy of the human frame.

Beecham's Pills, taken as directed, will quickly RESTORE FEMALES to complete health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price 25 cents per Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

B. F. ALLEN CO., Sole agents for the United States, 365 & 367 Canal St., New York.

Who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price, but inquire first. Mention this paper.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

We offer you a ready made medicine for Coughs, Bronchitis and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Like other so-called Patent Medicines, it is well advertised, and having merit it has attained to a wide sale. Call it a "Nostrum" if you will, but believe us when we say that at first it was compounded after a prescription by a regular physician, with no idea that it would ever go on the market as a proprietary medicine.

Why is it not just as good as though costing fifty cents to a dollar for a prescription and an equal sum to have it put up at a drug store?

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE CATARRH Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS. 56 Warren.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. B.T.C. Manufactured only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D. Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill. $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Marvelous Success. Insane Persons Restored. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. NO Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $1.00 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Also Consultation. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS FRAUDS.

WM. FITCH & CO., 102 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C. PENSION ATTORNEYS of over 25 years' experience. Successfully prosecute pensions and claims of all kinds in shortest possible time. NO FEE UNLESS SUCCESSFUL.

PENSIONS The Great PENSION Bill Is Passed. Soldiers, their Widows, Relatives and Fathers are entitled to $12 a mo. Fee $10 when you get your money. Blanks free. JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Atty, Washington, D. C.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

Young Mr. Larkins wished to rent a typewriter, and a pretty young woman glibly explained the merits of several to him. After making his choice he said, facetiously:

"Are you to let with the machine?"

"No," she replied curtly, "I am to let alone."

"Are you prepared to die, young man?" asked the sanctimonious individual.

"No."

"Why not?"

"The premium on my life insurance policy is unpaid."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Tramp—Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion, but owing to severe and unparalleled financial reverses, I am compelled to ask of you if you will have the kindness to supply me with something to sustain the vital spark.

Woman—I am sorry, but there isn't a bean in the house.—Terra Haute Express.

Marian—What do you think of Mr. Derby, Gladys?

Gladys—He seems to be a very agreeable young man.

Marian—Well, I didn't like him one bit.

Gladys—Why not?

—Why, we stood under the mistletoe together for full five minutes this evening, and he didn't—well, he didn't, that's all.—Harper's Bazar.

One Thousand Dollars.

I will forfeit the above amount, if I fail to prove that Floraplexion is the best medicine in existence for Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Biliousness. It is a certain cure, and affords immediate relief, in cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Floraplexion builds up the weak system and cures where other remedies fail. Ask your druggist for it and get well. Valuable book "Things Worth Knowing," also, sample bottle sent free; all charges prepaid. Address Franklin Hart, 88 Warren Street, New York.

—The game little pacer Ed. Annan has seen his best days on the turf.

Diseases Many, Causes Few.

All functual diseases are attended with congestion and torpor of one or more of the great organs of digestion, nutrition and excretion and th only known combination of safe and effective medicine able to restore healthy action to the liver, kidneys, bowels, lungs and skin is the old time honored pill of our fathers St. Bernard Vegetable Pill, approved by all schools of medicine. A sample of St. Bernard Vegetable Pills will be sent *free* to all applicants. Address St. Bernard, Box 2416, New York.

—Prince Regent will be held in reserve for the $10,000 stake at Hartford.

Why not *save your clothes*, by using the best, purest, *most economical* soap, Dobbins' Electric. Made ever since 1864. Try it once you will use it *always*. Your grocer keeps it or will get it. Look for the name, *Dobbins*.

—Sunol by trotting in 2.11¼ at Buffalo reduced the 4-year-old record 4¼s.

Fraser Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the best and, intrinsically, the cheapest. Don't work your horses to death by the poor axle grease. Try it.

—E. J. Baldwin's horses are capturing most of the stake races at Saratoga.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

—Dave Johnson is said to have lost $25,000 through Tenny's many defeats.

REV. H. P. CARSON, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggist, 75c.

—Fordham is coming around all right and will soon be seen at the post again.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $1.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

—Salavator is undoubtedly one of the greatest race horses ever foaled in America.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

WALL PAPER BARGAINS!

We will guarantee all these clean new goods just made, and full length—8 yards to the roll.

An 8-yd. roll White back Paper, 3 to 6c.
An 8-yd. roll Gilt Paper, 5 to 10c.
An 8-yd. roll Embossed Gilt Paper, 8 to 15c.
Gilt Borders, 4 to 18 inches wide, 2 and 3c. per yard.
Borders without Gilt, 2 to 9 inches 1c. per yard.

Send 4c. in stamps for samples of the best and greatest bargains in the country.

F. H. CADY, 305 HIGH STREET, Providence, R. I.

Mention this paper.

5 TON SCALES $60 Beam Box Tare Beam ALL SIZES Send for Terms

JONES OF BINGHAMTON N. Y. HE PAYS THE FREIGHT

75 696

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND. Safe and always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for *Diamond Brand*, in red, metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chem'l Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc., thoroughly taught by Mail. Circulars free. Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PENSIONS Thousands entitled under the New Act. Write immediately for BLANKS for application. Employ the old reliable firm. J. B. CRALLE & CO., Washington, D. C.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

DAISIES.

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

FUN.

Flat nonsense—Expecting the comforts of a home in an apartment house.—Commercial Bulletin.

Voice from the cage—"The saloon," he solemnly drawled, "is the house that Jagg built."—Buffalo Courier.

"I do dislike people who say 'yes' with a rising inflection to everything they hear." "Yes?"—New York Sun.

Not Very Busy.—First orange—"Hello! What are you doing here?" "Nothing; just looking round."—Puck.

The man who pays the biggest pew rent here on earth will not always find the best seat reserved for him in the heavenly congregation.—Somerville Journal.

When a young man begins to court a girl, with the purpose of reaching the goal of matrimony, he generally gets there by the "belt" line.—Norristown Herald.

Briggs—Wonder what possessed him to jump into the river?

Braggs—There was a woman at the bottom of it, I believe.—Terre Haute Express.

"What are you pouting about Johnny?" "Billy's real mean." "What's the matter?" "I eat all my candy, and Billy won't give me any of his."—Harper's Young People.

Elephants have been known to live to the age of 400 years.

Moral—Young man, do not be in too much of a hurry to see the elephant. He'll keep.—Boston Transcript.

The Ladies Delighted.

The pleasant effect and the perfect safety which ladies may use the liquid fruit laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions make it their favorite remedy. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, gentle, yet effectual in acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

Some varieties of the tulip have been sold for more than their weight in gold, single bulbs bringing as much as 2,000 florins, a kind named "Semper Augustus" bringing that figure.

"It is a fact," that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

Some one has discovered that two persons playing dominoes ten hours a day can continue 118,000,000 years without exhausting all possible combinations. The names of the two persons who practically tested this problem are not given, but it is thought they are dead now.

To Parents—The safest, best and least expensive school for your son is St. George's Hall, St. George's, Md. Prof. J. C. Kinear, A.M. Prin. Circulars on application.

At the covict camp on the Scuffle plantation in Florida recently, a number of the men were leaning against wire fence when the lightning struck the fence, killing one man instantly and stunning several others very severely.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

While exquisite workmanship is conspicuous in most jewelry, there are some brooches made of heavily twisted nuggets of gold. Sometimes small jewels are sunk in these, giving scarcely more than gleams of color.

It was Ben Johnson, we believe, who, when asked Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" replied "That depends on the *liver*." And Ben Johnson doubtless saw the double point to the pun.

The liver active—quick—life rosy, everything bright, mountains of trouble melt like mountains of snow.

The liver sluggish—life dull, everything blue, molehills of worry rise into mountains of anxiety, and as a result—sick headache, dizziness, constipation.

Two ways are open. Cure permanently, or relieve temporarily. Take a pill and suffer, or take a pill and get well. Shock the system by an overdose, or coax it by a mild, pleasant way.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the mild means. They work effectively, without pain, and leave the system strong. One, little, sugar-coated pellet is enough, although a whole vial costs but 25 cents.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Only 50 cents.

OPIUM HABIT. Only Certain and easy CURE in the World. Dr. J. L. STEPHENS, Lebanon, O.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN.

Instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Stiff Neck, all congestions and inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bowels.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Headache, Toothache, Weakness or Pain in the Back, Chest or Limbs, by one application. Internally in water for all internal pains, flatulency, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chills and Fever and Malaria, 50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable, The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality. Price, 25 cts. a Box. Sold by all Druggists. DR. RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS SETTLED UNDER NEW LAW. Soldiers, Widows, Parents, send for blank applications and information. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief for ASTHMA. By mail, Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

BE UP TO THE MARK

Not to Split! Not to Discolor!

BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE CELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

The greatest burdens are not the gainfullest. You can lessen LIFE'S BURDEN by using SAPOLIO It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for cleaning purposes.

What would you give for a Friend who would take half your hard work off your shoulders and do it without a murmur? What would you give to find an assistant in your housework that would keep your floors and walls clean, and your kitchen bright, and yet never grow ugly over the matter of hard work? Sapolio is just such a friend and can be bought at all grocers.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, SEPT 11.

ONLY 18 MONTHS OLD.

"The Racket" is today the most popular store in Bellefonte among all classes of people. There is a reason for this. The crowds that visit us daily are increasing. Bargains in fine Dress Goods and Trimmings, Notions, Novelties, Fancy Goods, Shoes, etc., arrive daily and are carried away in great bundles by our customers. You may just as well have your share of the Kuriosities.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Bargains on clothing.—C. P. Long.

——100 Boy's suits from $1,10 up. C. P Long.

——Wes. Whiteman reports a potato stock eleven feet in length.

——Jerry Miller was out squirrel hunting on Monday and bagged three grays.

——Will Runkle will land a car load of fine sheep at our station one of these days.

——The railroad company's building on the picnic ground very much resembles a tool house.

——Harry Camp and Miller Goodhart killed a blacksnake on Sunday morning above town that measured over five feet in length.

——James Smetzler has a crew of men at work on the railroad at the picnic ground leveling up and putting down cinder.

——Mr. Michael Faucey, an old veteran, died at his home in Pleasant Gap on Monday night. The deceased was 72 years of age.

——Mr. Kerstetter, of Coburn, will have charge of the boarding house on the picnic ground, and supply the hungry with the needful.

——Quite a number of strangers have been seen in town this week. All interested, likely in the picnic and engaging ground for next week.

——Howard Spangler has moved to Hyndman, Somerset county, where he has taken the management of a printing office. Success to him.

— Will Wagner has returned home from Brisbin, having an attack of malaria. We sympathise with him, and hope he will get over it soon.

—Several walks in the borough need attention. They are in bad shape and should be repaired. An accident may happen and result in heavy damages to our town.

——Zeek Miller, of Johnstown, formerly of this place, spent a few days here on a visit. He and his brother John have a grocery in Johnstown and are doing well.

——Ex-Treasurer D. C. Keller shipped two car loads of cattle from this place to eastern markets Monday morning and says it is the finest lot he has yet shipped from this section.

——A little boy at Aaron Harters and a little daughter at Mr. Strohmeiers, makes those papa's feel two pegs higher, while Centre Hall scores two to its population—even if it does cause squalls.

——Quite a lot of machinery has already arrived for next week's fair, and with the work of improvements the managers, Messrs. Dauberman, Boal, Gingerich and Arney are kept as busy as bees.

——On Tuesday evening while the freight train was making a flying switch and putting a loaded car for Kurtz and son on the mill siding, the brakes would not work and the car went over the end down a bank and landed on its side badly used up. The brakeman was skinned up about the legs.

——J. M. Grove, of Larned, Kansas, in a letter to a friend in the valley, Aug. 50th. says. "The best thing I can say for Kansas is that it is a Prohibition state. We had a good wheat crop and it is selling at from 75 to 90 cents per bushel, and still advancing in price. We have had good rains within the last five days, ground never was in better condition to sow wheat. Come to Kansas and secure a farm before it is worth $100 per acre."

——The Presbyterian Aid Society will have a Fruit and Lunch stand on the picnic ground, where Coffee, Tea, Sandwiches, Fruits, Confectionery, &c. will be served at all hours during the day and evening of the entire week. Proceeds to go towards helping to complete the Presbyterian Church at this place. They kindly invite all persons attending the picnic to give them a call, and we feel satisfied they will find just what they want and at the same time will be helping on a good work.

Train Wrecked.

The morning passenger train from Lewisburg to Bellefonte, was wrecked on Tuesday morning, between Axeman and the furnace, about 1 mile this side of Bellefonte. As the train was rounding a curve on a steep bank, the flange on one of the pony wheels broke, which caused the engine to leave the track and plunged down an embankment some thirty feet, upsetting as it plunged down. The tender was pulled clean from the track but fortunately turned at right angles with the train, which arrested the passengers from going over the embankment, as the tender was in the way, hanging over the bank, and badly wrecked. The entire train was derailed, and already over the ends of the ties. The smoking car was badly shattered, it contained the noted colored bass ball club from York, who played the Bellefonte boys that afternoon. They were terribly shaken up and frightened, tho none were hurt. The next passenger car was full of persons, among them the editor of this paper. There was a racket, a ring of breaking glass, a swing of the car a fearful crash, followed by screams of the women, and all was over—every one shaken but no one hurt beyond being thrown from the seats.

The engine lay puffing on its side in the mud. Pinned fast by the leg inside was the fireman, with bloody face and scalds from the steam. Efforts were at once made to rescue him, and he was finally cut from his fastenings, no limbs broken but severely bruised. The engineer, Tussy, escaped unhurt, standing at his post until the engine plunged over the bank; he tried to work the air break but found the lever in a twist and then worked the throttle.

The whole thing did not last ten seconds, the writer remained calm amid it all, and assured a woman with baby, both screaming, that it was all over and that they were not killed or even hurt, altho thrown headlong out on the floor.

Fish Dying.

The fish in Penns creek, down in the mountains, are dying, as we learn, and can be seen floating down stream in great numbers. Frank Bradford, the station agent at Paddy Mt. tells us that the dead fish can be seen floating on the water, mostly suckers and white chubs. On examination it proves that a worm is the cause. The worm starts at the back of the head of the fish and eats its way along the back to the tail, leaving the back of the fish raw and sore. The worm is as thick as a lead pencil, growing to that as it eats its way along, and no doubt is quite small when it starts from back of the head.

Possibly the lowness of the water may cause this magot to develope in the fish, as it looses its freshness and stimulates the dormant enemy into life and activity.

An Old Dodge.

A slick swindler has been doing some of our northern people. He calls at the farmer's house and salutes the lady in about this way: "Good morning, madam, I have just met your husband and purchased a calf from him. He could not change this $20 bill and told me to call at the house and get $15 change." The good woman supposing it to be all right, gives him the requisite change, and he departs, saying he will call for the calf in a day or two. When the husband comes in and is told of the transaction he concludes there is some mistake; but as he has the twenty dollar bill concludes he is not out much. But when he undertakes to pass the bill he discovers it to be a rank counterfeit and then he knows it is not right.

Cash.

Bartholomew's store, as will be seen in another column, will be conducted on the cash plan—cash or its equivalent. This is the true business principle, and every body should follow suit—the farmer, the mechanic and laborer. Pay cash and you get your cash. This avoids keeping accounts, misunderstandings and law suits. We trust Bartholomews will find they adopted the right plan, we wish them success in it.

Here's a Chance.

Jas. E. Solt, formerly of this place, will bring a car load of bananas from Baltimore to Centre Hall, arriving on Saturday, 13th or 15th, and will sell them at from $1,50 to $2,00 per bunch, retail. They will be extra quality of fruit and at that rate will be very cheap. Fruit dealers at the picnic will do well to wait until the car arrives and select their stock, there will be the whole car to select from.

At Work on the Street.

Street commissioner Dauberman has several men at work on the street near the station in getting it straightened to conform with the plot. The matter having been settled as to damages sustained by land owners the council ordered him to proceed. The fences and telephone poles, being set over he will resume the piking of it, and will soon be ready for traffic.

A Fine Lot.

On Saturday Bert Shimp and Charley Arney were out in the mountains above town hunting for squirrels, and brought home eleven grays. It was as fine a bunch of squirrels as have been brought to this place for several years, and will leave the boys go up head for big hauls.

Pic-nic Trains.

The railroad accommadation for the picnic next week are complete. Trains will leave Bellefonte each day for Centre Hall at 6:00, 6:55, 10:30 a. m. 2,30 4,30 6 20 p. m. Returning trains will leave Centre Hall at 8.22 a. m., making connection with regular trains on Bald Eagle Valley Railroad, both ways. Special train will leave Sunbury each day at 8.55 a. m. In addition two regular trains will leave Montandon at 5.50 a. m., and 2.05 p. m. Trains returning will leave Centre Hall at 6.52 a. m., 3 20 and 7.15 p. m Trains will leave Coburn each day at 7.15. 10.57 a. m, 3.55 p. m. Returning, leave Centre Hall 6.52 a. m., 3.20, 715 p. m. All trains stop at way stations. Excursion tickets from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad system in the state on card, orders, Sept. 12th to 20th inclusive, good to return until Sept. 22nd at a single fare.

Must Obey the Law.

Some persons think that the sign boards forbidding hunting, fishing, nutgathering or trespassing upon private lands are of little account and that they may be regarded with impunity. This is a mistake. as the law makes it an act of trespass to go upon any cultivated or enclosed land for any purpose without permission from the owner, even if there is no sign board, and the owner is entitled to recover actual damages for such trespass. When the sign boards are properly erected, any person who trespasses upon land so guarded is not only liable to pay the actual damages, but also a penalty not exceeding $25. If, however the land owner wishes to avail himself of the provisions of the law he must comply with its requirements. There must be at least one sign, a foot square, to every 50 acres of land. on the lot lines, upon the shores or banks of the lake, stream or pond which it is intended to protect. Any person who defaces, injures or destroys such a sign board is guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to a penalty of $25.—Ex.

A Smart Farmer.

A farmer from Nippenose valley came to Williamsport the other evening, says *Grit*, to buy a new suit of clothes, and after making the purchase he got a jag on. While crossing the Maynard street bridge, on his way home, the idea came into his maudlin mind to surprise his wife by appearing dressed in fine clothes. Stopping on the bridge he undressed and threw his old suit into the river, not knowing that his new one had been jolted out of the wagon. Unable to find either suit, he was obliged to wander home arrayed like unto a Zulu, and of course, did succeed in surprising the partner of his bosom.

Marriage Licenses.

Following is the list of marriage licenses issued durng the past week at the register's office in Bellefonte:

R. C. Thompson, of Port Matilda, and Martha Weld, of Bellefonte.

Charles W. Whitehill, of Lemont, and Mary A. Love, of Tuesseyville.

Jacob Ruble, of JoeDavis, Ill., and Mary E. Richards, of Unionville.

Harry E. Shadle, of Williamsport, and Sadie C. Ditner, of Centre Hall.

Isaiah Poorman and Mollie Walker, of Boggs township.

Harry B. Haugh, of Woll's Store and Annie Spangler, of Tylersville.

For the Boys.

On the first day of September the new law about boys smoking went into effect. After that date the law says, "no child actually or apparently under 16 years of age shall smoke or in any way use a cigar or tobacco in any form whatever, in any in any public street, place or resort." Now let the boys who "appear to be" under 16 years of age look out. The penalty for violation of the law is not less than $2 nor more than $10 for each offence. The law provides also for punishing those who sell "tobacco in any form" to such youths.

Order of Amitie.

On Wednesday evening of last week, Mr. Henry Roberts, Supreme President, and Dr. Runkle, Supreme Medical Examiner of the order of Amitie, held a public meeting in the Odd Fellows hall to organize and charter a lodge in this place. They succeeded in enrolling six members in this place and it is likely more will join.

Lived to Die a Violent Death.

John Force, the young man who was almost fatally stabbed by John Veidehofer in February, was killed Tuesday at a jog job four miles northwest of Snow Shoe. He was working near an old dead tree when it and breaking all his ribs on one side of his body.

The Stranger's Name.

The stranger who murdered Waterhouse, gave his name as John Wilson, of Braddock, Pa. At the commitment hearing on Thursday enough testimony was given to justify the verdict of murder in the first degree.

Stable Burned.

The stable of John Evert, near Zerby station, about 3 miles east of Spring Mills, was burned on last Saturday afternoon. It is supposed the fire was caused by children playing in the stable.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

Hymen.

At half past seven o'clock last evening, the nuptials of Miss Sadie Bitner and H. Eugene Shadle were celebrated, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. John Bitner, about two miles west of town, Rev. Fischer officiating.

As the hands of the clock noted half past seven, the ushers, Misses Mame Meyer, Verna Geiss, Mollie Sankey, and Messrs. James Gregg, Chas. Meyer and Wit. McCormick preceded the wedding party into the room. They were followed by Mr. Askie, Mr. Gann, Miss Laura Runkle and Miss Lillian Shadle. The party entered the room and parted allowing the bride on the arm of the groom to pass through and face the minister. The room was finely decorated with flowers, a beautiful arch erected of flowers and a bell of flowers suspended from the centre of the arch, under which the bride and groom took their places. The ceremony was short and impressive.

The bride was attired in a very neat suit of cream Henrietta, carried a bouquet of flowers and looked handsome, while the groom wore the conventional suit of black.

Supper was then served. It was elaborate and the one hundred and twenty guests did themselves ample justice.

The many handsome and expensive presents received, showed the appreciation by her many friends of the bride. Silverware being quite prominent among them.

Mr. and Mrs. Shadle will leave tomorrow, Friday, for his home in Williamsport where he has business interests.

That the bride and groom have a long and happy future before them we bespeak for them.

A Railroad Problem.

A freight train one mile in length stopped with the caboose just opposite the depot. The conductor got orders to move his train to the next station, which was just five miles distant. He gave the engineer orders to move, which the latter did while the conductor walked over ahead on top of the cars and got there just as the engine arrived at the next station, where he got off. The question is how far did he walk; or as he was walking the entire five miles, did he ride at all?

Saw Mill Burned.

On Friday evening the saw mill of E. M. Huyett & Co., near Samuel Brumgard's, in Brush valley, was accidentally destroyed by fire. The loss was $1600 and no insurance. The mill will be rebuilt.

Centre Hall Decided Upon.

At the meeting of the committee of the Veteran Club of Centre County at Philipsburg last Saturday, it was decided that the Grange Park should be the location for the Reunion to be held next year.

Save the Water.

The water managers hereby notify citizens that they waste no water, especially during next week, when the demand, on account of the picnic, will be great, and the springs are low.

Hauling for Pic-nic.

S. W. Smith is ready to do hauling to and from the pic-nic; also, hauling for other purposes at any time.

——J. A. Shadel, of Snyder county, accused of using the mails for sending obscene literature, was acquitted in the United States court at Scranton September 2. Shadel was a county postmaster, and was in correspondence with a St. Paul publisher who gave some of Shadel's letters to an inspector who afterwards intercepted some letters forwarded by Shadel. The defense was that the letter being a sealed one did not come under the old statute which made it an offense to send obscene writings through the mails, and claims that the government should have protected rather than violated the secrecy of letters, as the inspector had done. Judge Achison ruled that the letter was a private one intended for a private individual, and directed the jury to find a verdit of not guilty, and District Attorney Lyon entered a *nolle prosequi* in the two other cases against Shadel.

Aaronsburg.

Clark Herman will move to Lemont about the 1st of Oct., to take charge of a grain house.

Rev. Adams is on the sick list. Mrs. Elijah Burd is also dangerously ill. Mrs. Noah Leitzell, who fell some time ago and injured one of her limbs very seriously, is improving.

Mrs. Sallie E. Fisher, only daughter of Mrs. Simon Rote, died at Davis, Illinois, on the 7th, of a tumerous cancer of the heart.

Rev. Shoemaker, of Jacksonville, on his way to Shamokin, left his horse with his father-in-law, Joseph Jordan, and the animal hung itself the night after he had gone away.

Ben Jackson was called away very suddenly to attend the funeral of his mother, who died in the neighborhood of Zion.

Spring Mills.

Messrs. William Krape and Joseph Bitner attended the Soldiers reunion at Philipsburg, last Saturday.

Miss Ella Mersinger, of Tusseyville, visited her many friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William From took in the encampment at Gettysburg.

Mrs. Zeigler is visiting friends at Jacksonville.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCormick, of Potters Mills, pa'd a visit to friends here last week.

Miss Ida Condo attended the encampment at Gettysburg.

Mrs. Will Runkle, of Tusseyville, visited friends at this place last week.

:o: FINE DISPLAY :o:

—OF—

HARNESS.

I wish to announce to my many patrons of this county that I will be at the

GRANGER PICNIC,

next week with the finest and complete st assortment of Harness ever placed on exhibition in this section of the state.

My stock will comprise Fine Driving Harness, Fancy Bridles, Saddles, Whips, Lap Robes and in fact everything embraced in my line. All goods will be sold on the ground at prices that will astonish the people. Don't fail to visit my Harness Pavilion when you attend the picnic. Come prepared to buy,

Yours Truly,

JAMES SCHOFIELD,
Harness Dealer, Bellefonte, Pa.

NOTICE.—JAMES A. M'CLAIN OF THE borough of Bellefonte, county of Centre and state of Pennsylvania, has filed an application with the Secretary of Internal affairs, for about twenty acres of unimproved land, situate in Potter township, county and state aforesaid, and bounded as follows, adjoining lands of James Moore on the north, William Garngas on the east, Moses Flemly on the south and unknown on the west. Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 10th, 1890 3t

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—THE undersigned, executor, will offer at public sale on the premises, in Gregg township, on

o—o SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, o—o

At 1 o'clock, p m., the following real estate of David Emerick, dec'd, late of Gregg township, consisting of a tract of land, containing

)—(10 ACRES,)—(

more or less. Thereon erected a 2 story

— DWELLING HOUSE, STABLE, —

and all necessary outbuildings. Lot of choice fruit on the premises. The land is all cleared and under good state of cultivation, and is located near the Cross-Roads School house.

Terms of sale will be made known on day of sale. SAMUEL J. HERRING,
Executor.

CASH or its EQUIVALENT.

To All Whom It May Concern:

Know ye that on and after Sept. 15th, 1890, I will sell for

CASH, OR ITS EQUIVALENT ONLY!

Having been doing a Credit business for 5 years, I find the patron who pays his bills has in a certain measure also to help pay the bad debts, etc., I am satisfied this will be beneficial to you and me Come and see that we are selling goods at *cash prices*. Thanking you for your patronage in the past and soliciting your future trade, I am Very Truly Yours,

R. E. BARTHOLOMEW.

Centre Hall, Sept. 1, 1890. 3m

FOR SALE.—2 good mules, wagon and harness, all in very good condition. Inquire of JAS. LESHER, CENTRE HALL.

HOUSE FOR RENT.—2 story frame house stable, at the station, apply to F. KURTZ tf

LOST.—IN THE VICINITY OF POTTERS Mills, a socket book, containing a $5 bill and some small change. The finder will be rewarded by leaving it with RUS. MEYERS, Centre Hall,

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Julia Moyer, dec'd, of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. J. S. HOUSEMAN, Adm'r,
2sept6t Tusseyville.

FARM FOR SALE.—THE FARM BELONGing to the late Jonathan Spangler, dec'd., will be offered at public sale on

o—o WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1, 1890. o—o

in Miles township, two miles east of Rebersburg, containing 111 acres of excellent farming land and 31 acres of good timber land. Thereon a

— GOOD BANK BARN —

and other outbuildings. The farm is well located and in a high state of cultivation.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE—PURSUant to an order of the Court of Centre Co. there will be exposed at Public sale, on

o—o FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1890 o—o

At 1 o'clock, on the premises, about 3 miles south-east of Linden Hall st. R. station and 4 miles south-west of Centre Hall, the fine farm of Samuel Spangler, dec'd., late of Potter Twp., Centre Co., bounded on the east by lands of John and Jacob Wagner and John Spangler, on the west by John Bitner, on the north by Josiah Neff's heirs, on the south by Tussey Mountain, containing

)—(199 ACRES AND 81 PERCHES. (—(

About 150 acres are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, the balance is well timbered with Rock oak and Chestnut. The buildings consist of a good 2 story

)—(FRAME HOUSE, LARGE BANK BARN,)—(

painted, good wash-house. Commodious wagon shed with corn crib, good pig pen, and all necessary out buildings. Running water at house, barn and in wash-house, and a never failing well near the house. Also a good orchard with all kinds of choice fruits. The farm is desirable one the punlic road leading by the buildings.

TERMS.—⅓ the purchase money to be paid in cash on confirmation of sale. ⅓ in one year, and balance in two years. Deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. Deferred payments to bear interest from date of confirmation of sale.

W. W. SPANGLER,
Potters Mills, Pa,

FOR SALE.—A FIRST CLASS TWO SEATED carriage, just out of the shop, price $145,00. Also a very fine driving horse, only 5 years old. Works single or double, a very good family horse; any woman can drive him. Call on or address. E. H. AUMAN, Coburn, Pa.

:0:

DON'T fail to come to the opening of the new Opera House, to see Frank Mayo in "Davy Crockett," Sept. 11th, and "Nordeck," Sept. 12. The chance of a life time to see the great actor.

In dress goods, late arrivals, serges and henriettas in electro blue, heliotropes, brown, old rose, greens and blacks.

New striped flannels. Our stock of plain red and white flannels never was as complete as now. Two pieces of handsomely embroideried flannel.

A regular 10c black stocking for ladies for 5c a pair.

More of those heavy 6c. gingham. 5c. a yard for a good yellow muslin.

The heaviest, finest and best napped Canton flannel for 10c. per yard in the world.

Silk velvet ordered in heliotrope, cardinal, garnet, greer and all the late shades.

1½ yd. wide navy blue, black and cardinal cloth, 50c.

½ wool, 1½ yds. wide tricot in two colors, at 28c. Examine them.

GARMANS.

Bellefonte.

:0:

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr, Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today think they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O. oct31y

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of John Wagner, dec'd, of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. S. J. WAGNER.
W. A. WAGNER.
14 Aug. 6t Admr's Tusseyville

Produce at Stores.

Butter	20
Eggs	18
Lard	7
Shoulders	8
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	75

SALESMEN WANTED —AT ONCE.— N

To sell our Choice Nursery Stock. Salary or commission and steady work for earnest workers.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Mt. Hope Nurseries. Rochester, N. Y.
Established 1840. 14aug3m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of Mary Royer, dec'd., late of Gregg twp., having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN EMERICK, Centre Hall,
DAVID KRAPE, Aaronsburg,
7Aug. 6t Executers.

New Furniture Store!

New goods. Low prices. All goods delivered free. We invite you to come and see our new goods, whether you wish to buy or not. We keey everything usually kept in a first-class furniture store.

UNDERTAKING.

The highest method of preparing the dead has been attained and my course in this branch has been completed. My hearse and horses are among the finest in the state. Carry in stock a complete line, from the cheapest coffins to the finest caskets, and burial robes, etc., and I guarantee that my prices are the lowest in the county. No extra charge for embalming or distance.

W. R. Camp, - Centre Hall.